

AUTUMN
ISSUE
No. 9



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PLASTIC MAN

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**WHAT WILL
HE DO NEXT?**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

SHOOT SAFE & BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes  factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you... and  should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included... complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!



ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT
RED RYDER CARBINE

MODEL
No. 111

DAISY AIR RIFLES

... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



SAFETY TIPS



BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turn, stop.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!



AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



PLASTIC MAN

A lot of slippery characters have tried to put the skids under **PLASTIC MAN** and his pal, **WOODY WINKS**! But the only one who ever skated close to succeeding was an oily little greaseball who called himself **THE KING of ZING!**

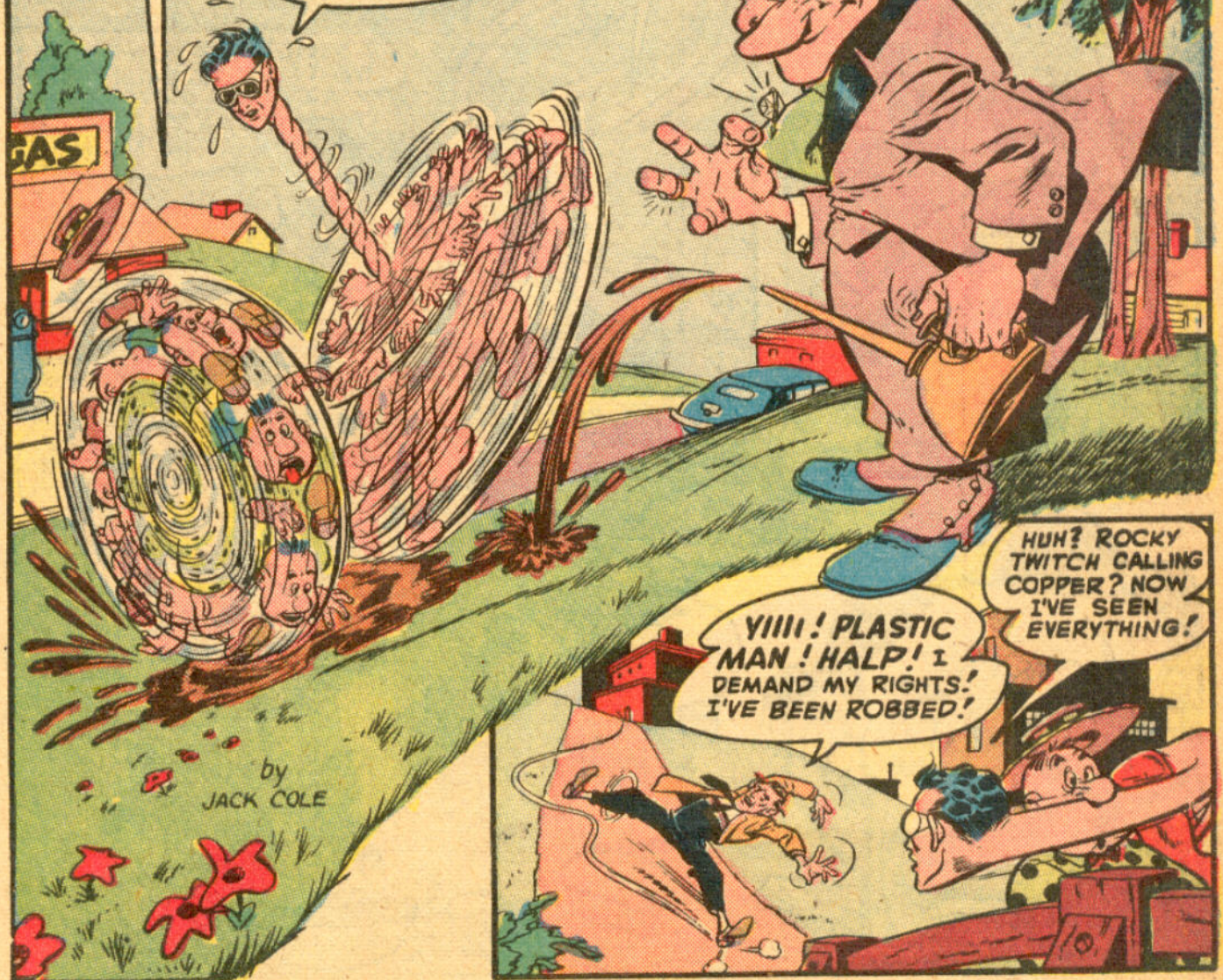
PLA-A-AS!
HA-ALP!
I'M SK-SK-SKIDING!

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU THINK
I'M DOING,
WOODY? DANCING
AROUND A
MAYPOLE?

YIII! PLASTIC
MAN! HALP! I
DEMAND MY RIGHTS!
I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

HUH? ROCKY
TWITCH CALLING
COPPER? NOW
I'VE SEEN
EVERYTHING!

by
JACK COLE





D'YUH THINK IT'S WORTH IT?

I'M NOT SURE, WOOLY! OKAY, ROCKY, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?



"HERE I AM, PEACEFULLY GOIN' ABOUT MY BUSINESS, SEE..."

"-- ENGAGED IN A PROJECK CONCERNIN' A MORE EQUABLE DISTRIBUTION OF DA NATION'S WEALTH, SEE ---"

HAH! A CUSTOMER!

OKAY, LUG! STICK 'EM UP! GIMME YER DOUGH!

OH... MY GOODNESS, A HOLDUP! WHAT A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO TEST MY ZING!



PLASTIC MAN

"AN' WID DAT, DIS LITTLE YUK UPS AND SQUOITS ME GUN WIT' ERL!"

HERE, MY GOOD MAN! TRY A SAMPLE OF **ZING**, THE SLIPPERIEST OIL ON EARTH! I INVENTED IT!

HUH? HEY...

"ALL OF A SUDDEN, I AM SO SLIPPERY. I CAN'T EVEN HOLD MY GUN..."

YIIKE! DAT AIN'T ETHICAL!

THIS WILL SPEED UP YOUR FOOTWORK, SON!

"NEXT, I CANNOT STAND ON ME OWN TOOTSIES!"

EEEEEE!

AN AMAZING EXHIBITION! CONFIRMS EVERYTHING I'VE MAINTAINED ABOUT **ZING**!

"I SEE STARS..."

TSK-TSK! PAINFUL, I'LL BET!

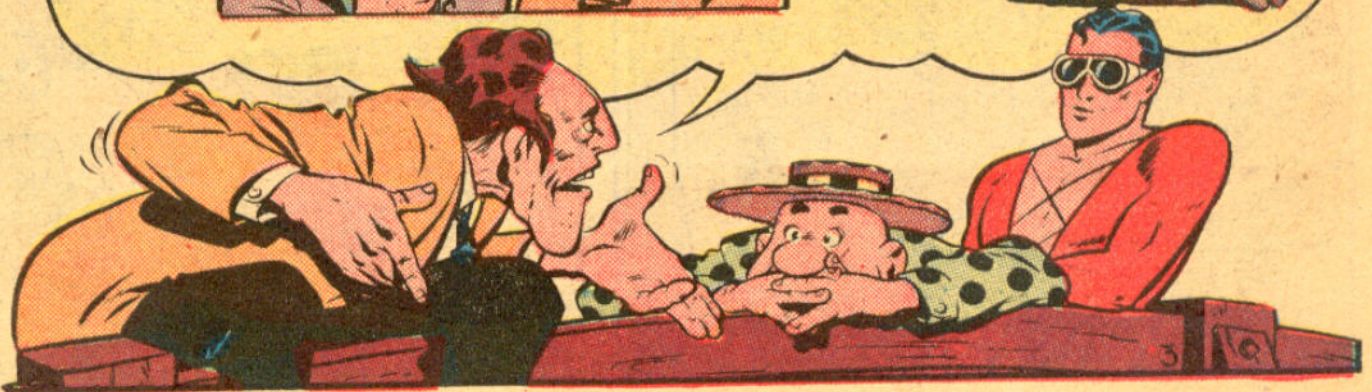
"I HEAR BOIDIES CHOIPIN' AN' BOIPIN'..."

SPLENDID! NOW A LIGHT APPLICATION OF FRICTION DUST ON MY OWN HANDS TO COUNTER-ACT THE EFFECT OF **ZING**!

"NEXT THING I KNOW, DIS #... TAKES MY DOUGH AND MY ROD AND TOSSES ME A CARD!"

HMM! NOT BAD! HERE'S MY CARD, YOUNG MAN, IN CASE YOU CARE TO ASSIST ME IN FURTHER RESEARCH ON **ZING** AT A LATER DATE!

@#!!

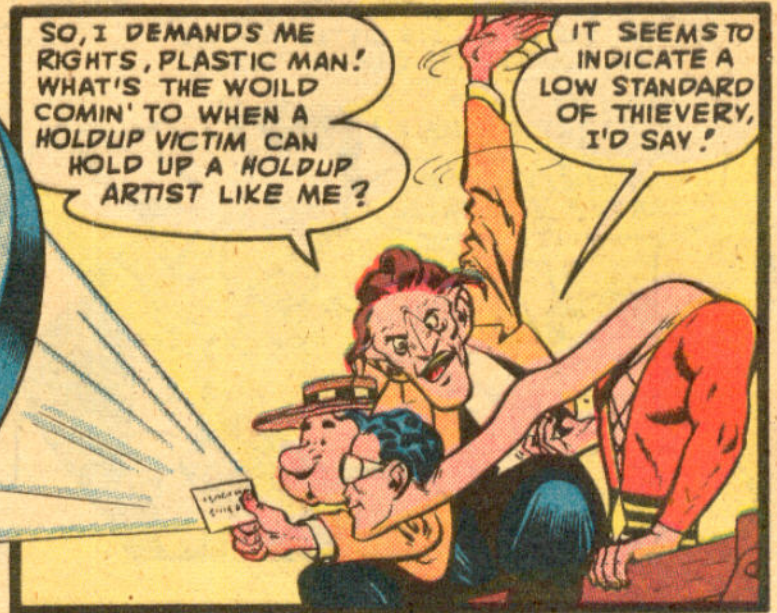


PLASTIC MAN



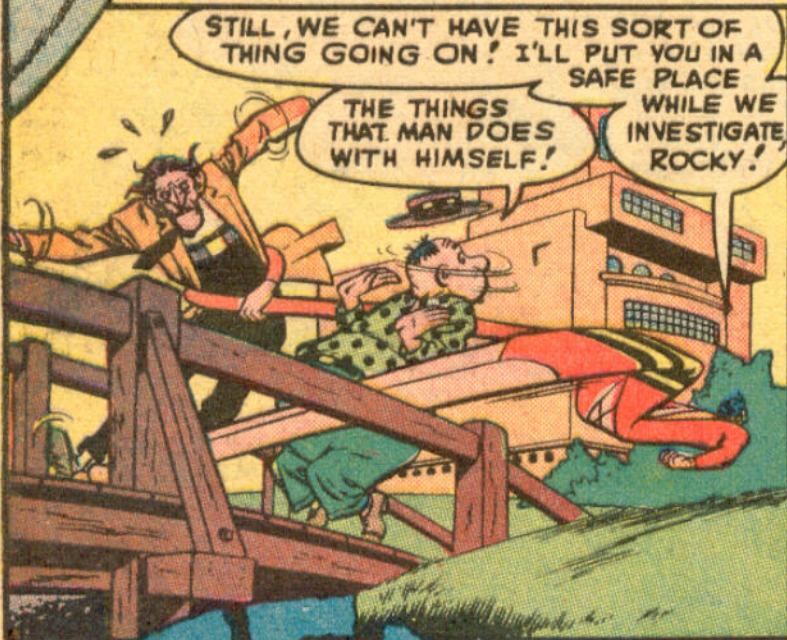
SO, I DEMANDS ME RIGHTS, PLASTIC MAN! WHAT'S THE WOILD COMIN' TO WHEN A HOLDUP VICTIM CAN HOLD UP A HOLDUP ARTIST LIKE ME?

IT SEEMS TO INDICATE A LOW STANDARD OF THIEVERY, I'D SAY!



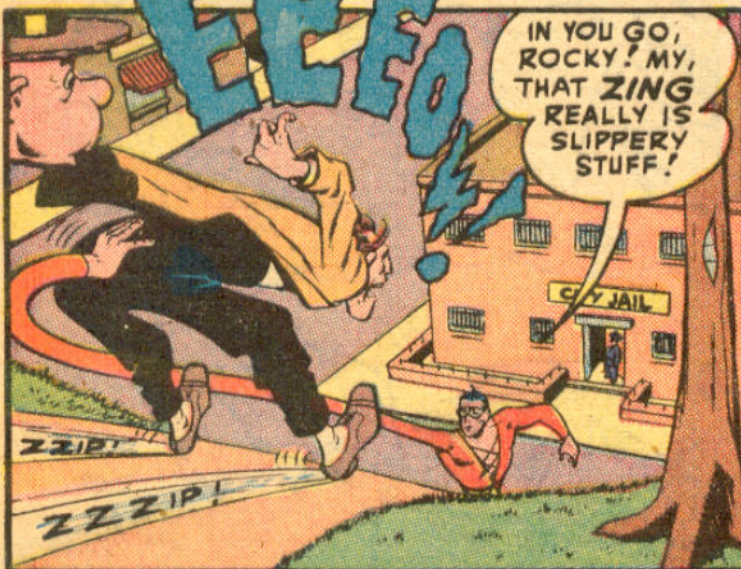
STILL, WE CAN'T HAVE THIS SORT OF THING GOING ON! I'LL PUT YOU IN A SAFE PLACE WHILE WE INVESTIGATE, ROCKY!

THE THINGS THAT MAN DOES WITH HIMSELF!

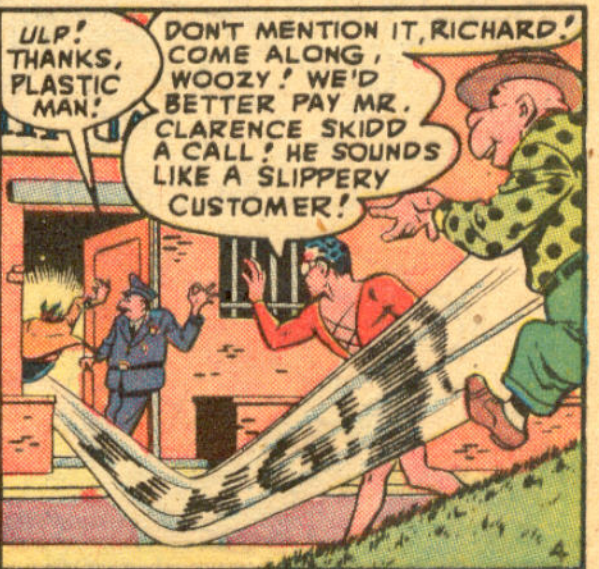


OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD! YOU'VE GOT COMPANY COMING!

HUH? OH, IT'S YOU, PLASTIC MAN! OKAY!

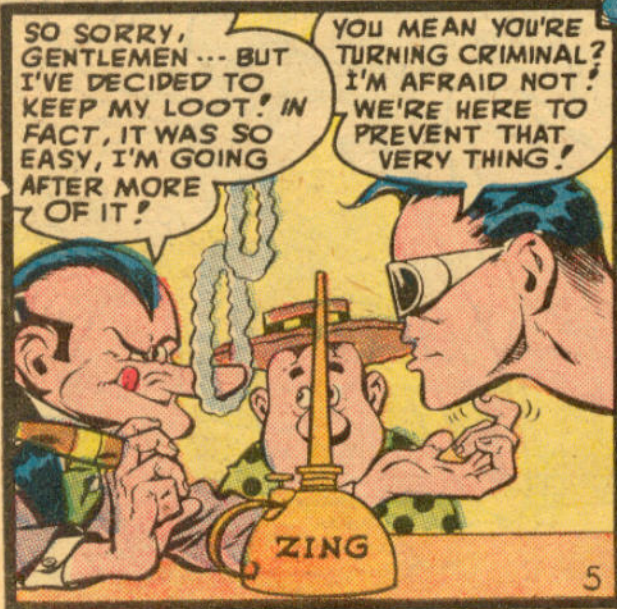
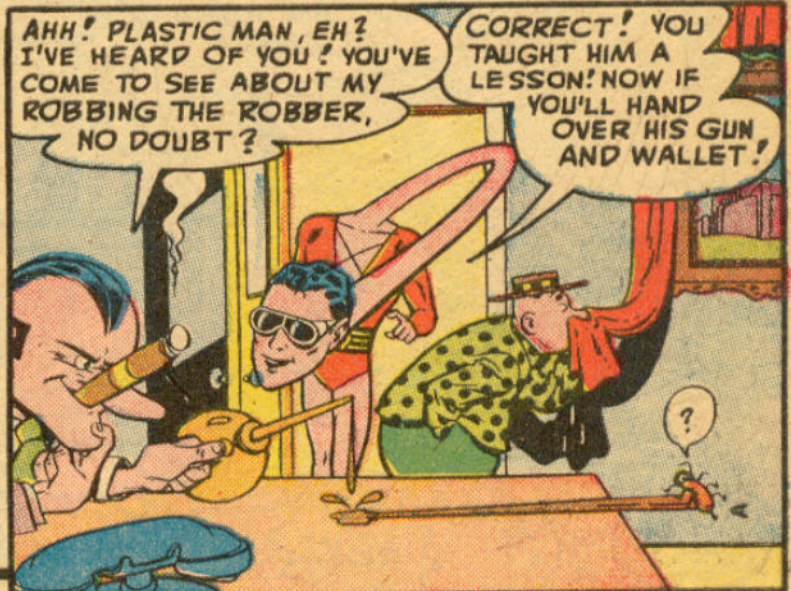
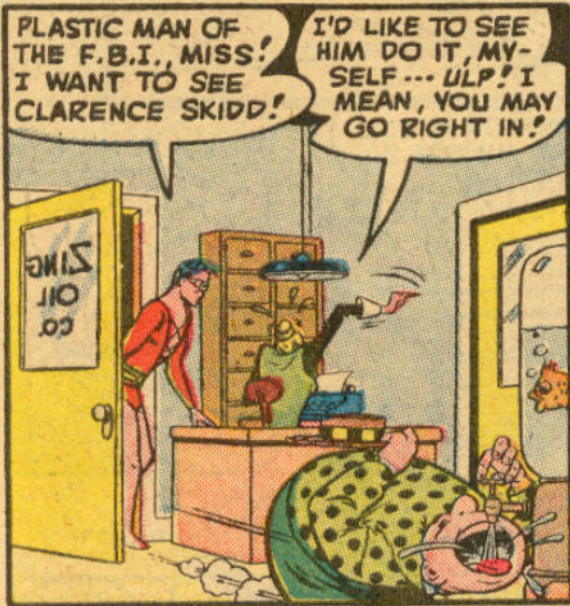
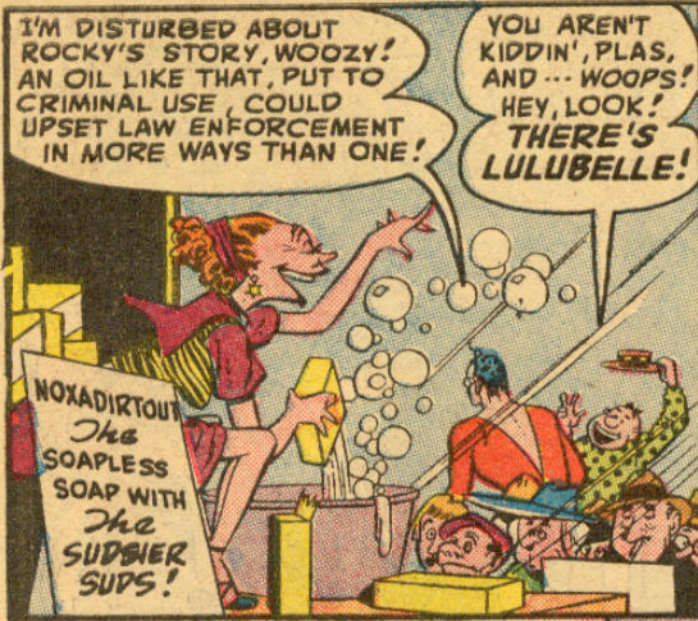


IN YOU GO, ROCKY! MY, THAT ZING REALLY IS SLIPPERY STUFF!

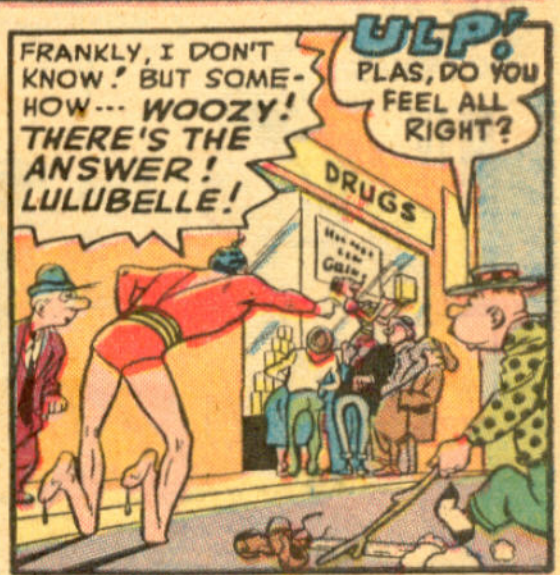
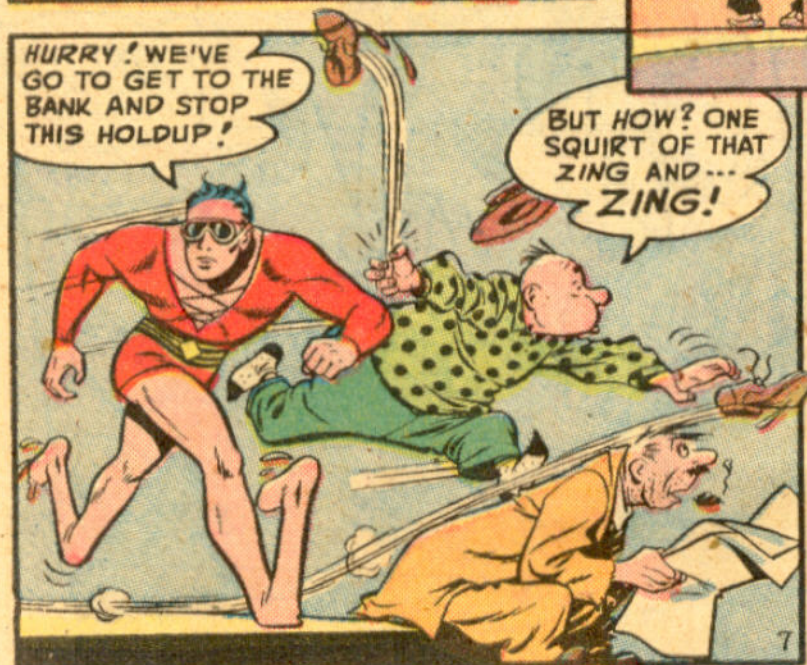
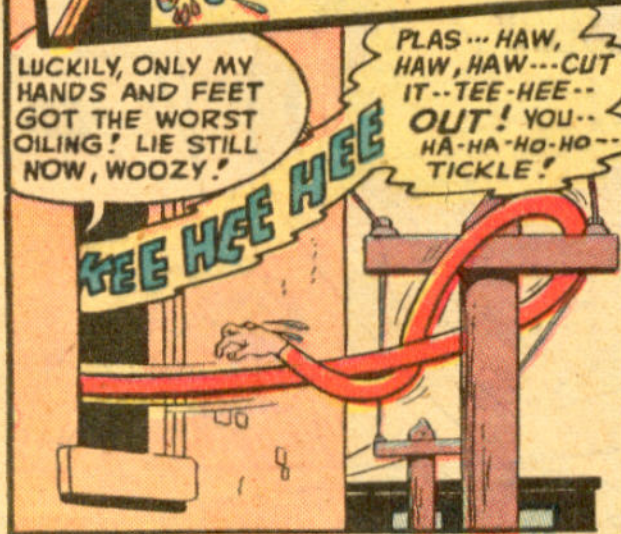
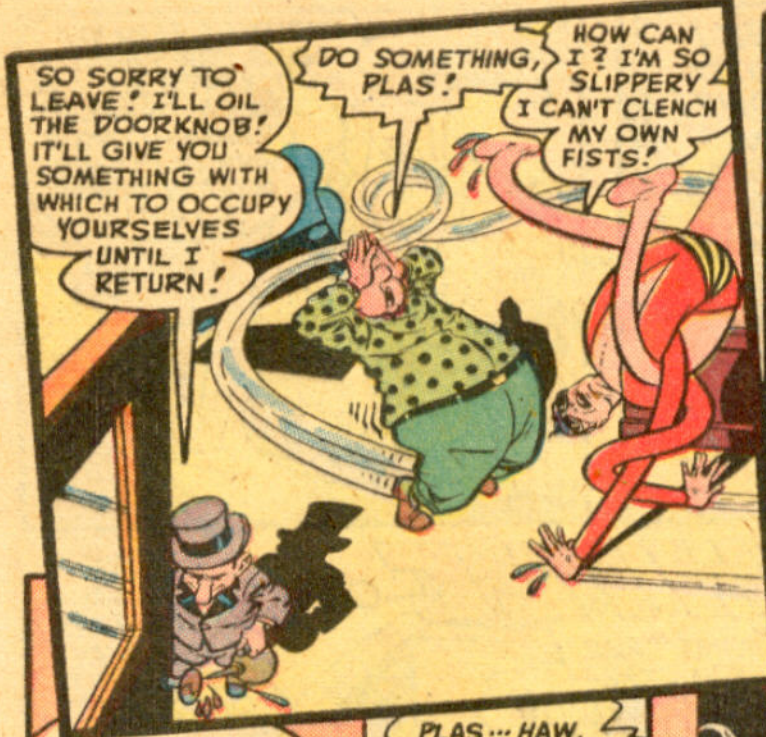


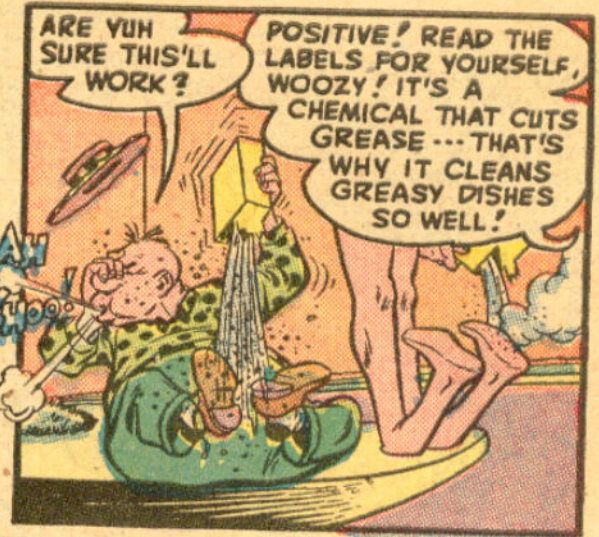
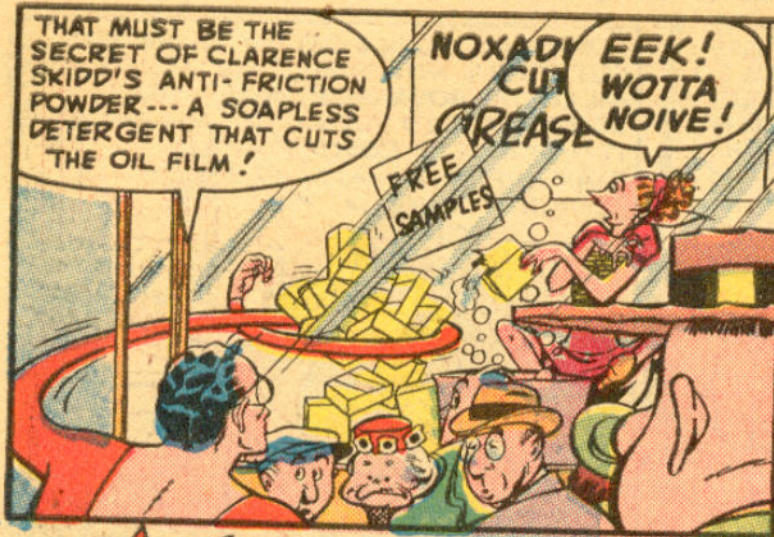
ULP! THANKS, PLASTIC MAN!

DON'T MENTION IT, RICHARD! COME ALONG, WOZZY! WE'D BETTER PAY MR. CLARENCE SKIDD A CALL! HE SOUNDS LIKE A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER!

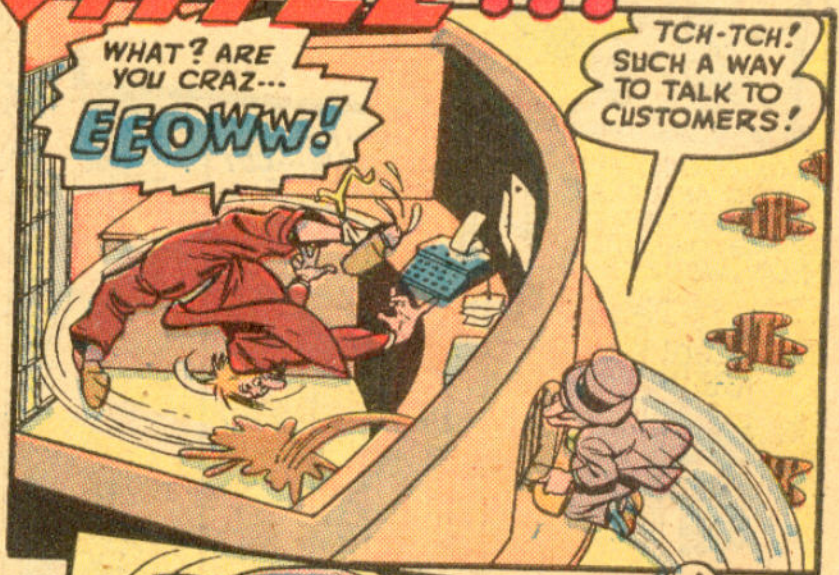




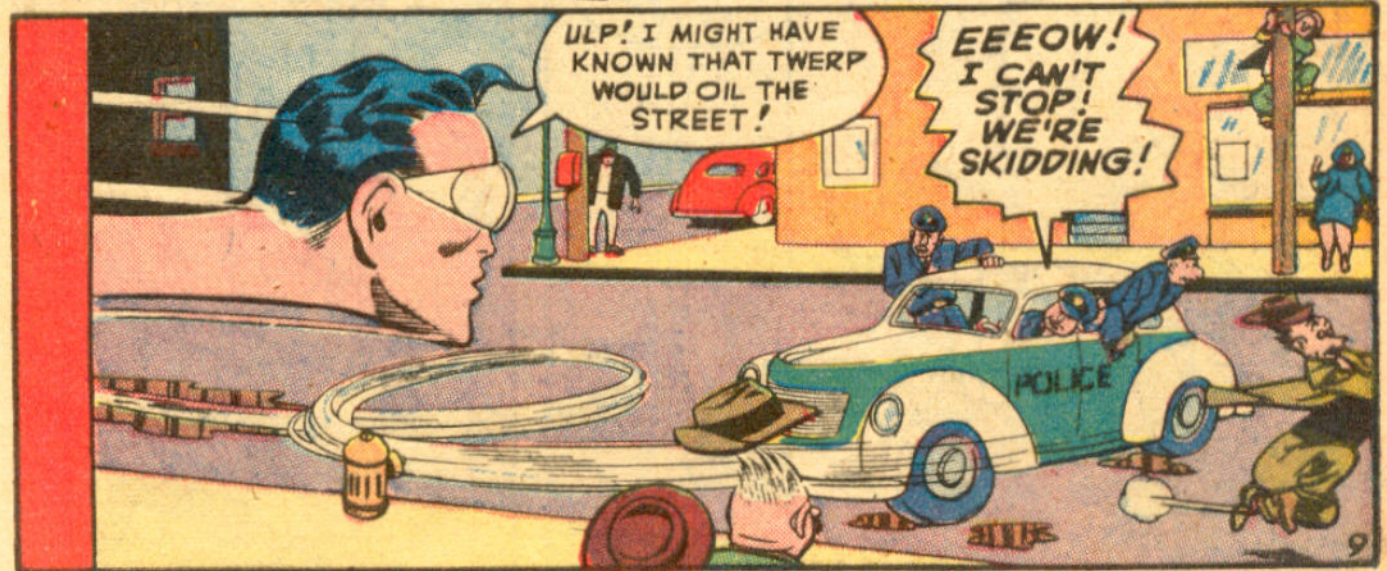
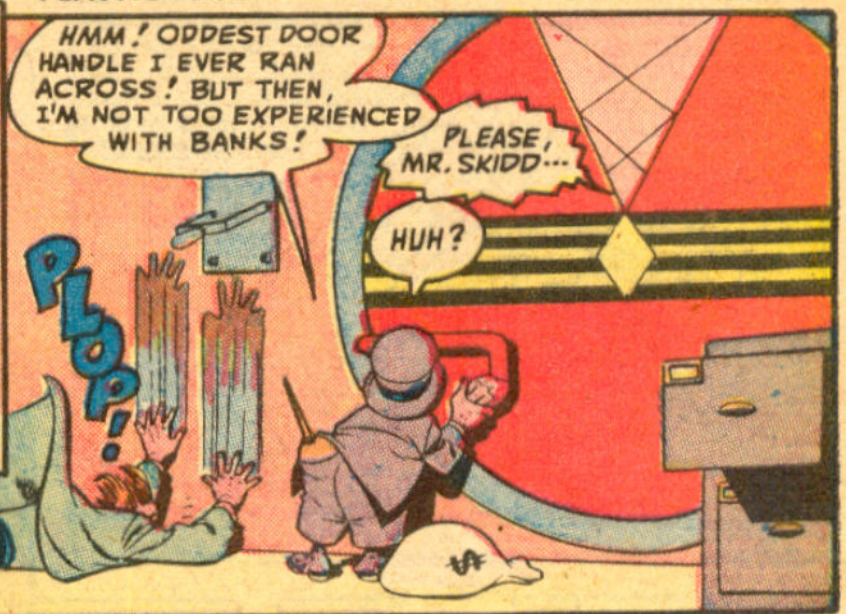
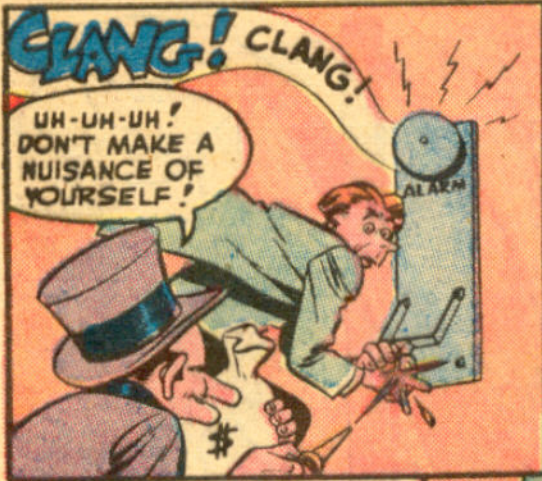




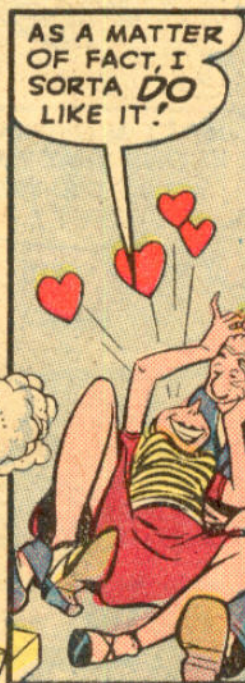
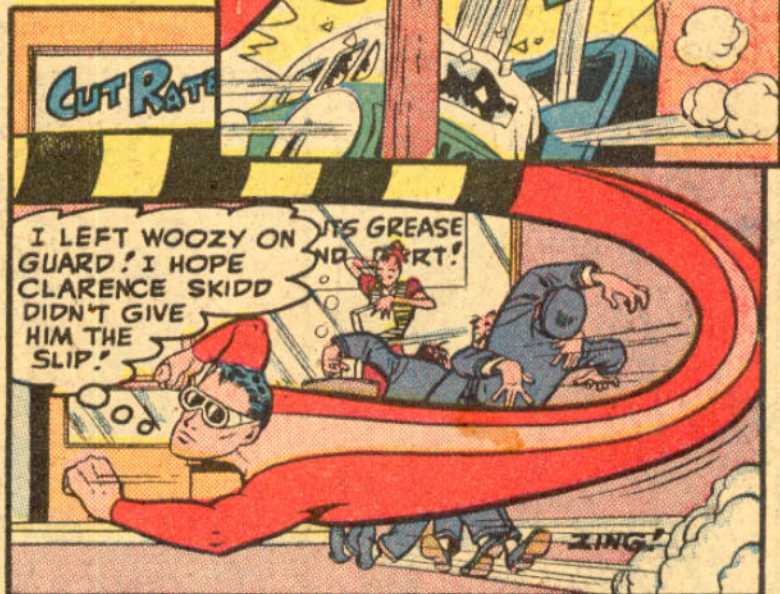
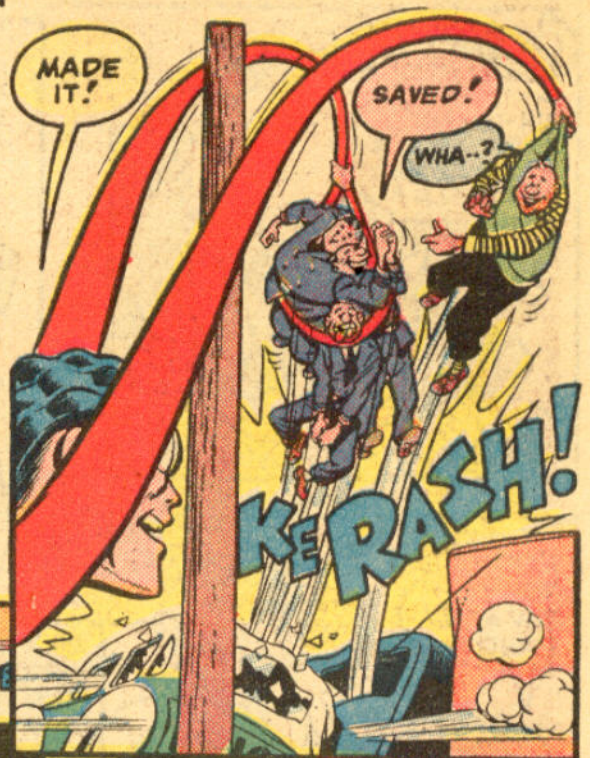
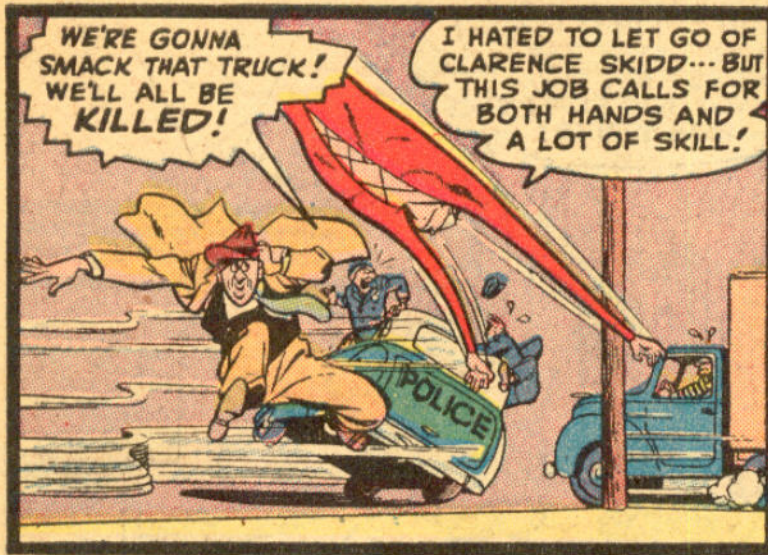
MEANWHILE...



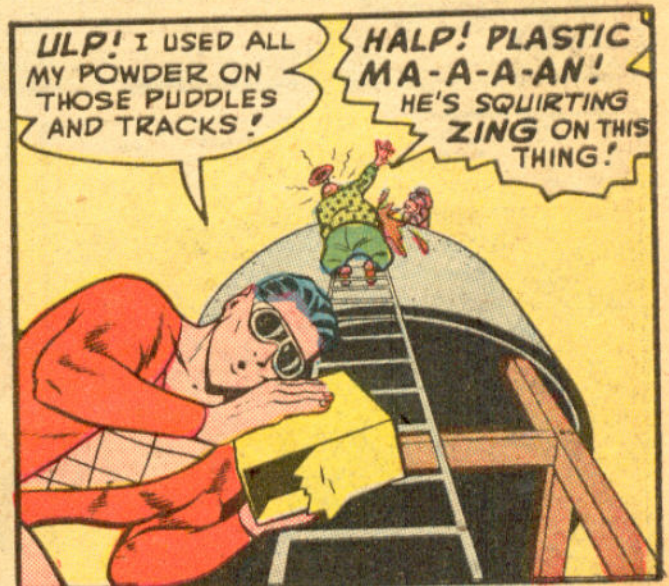
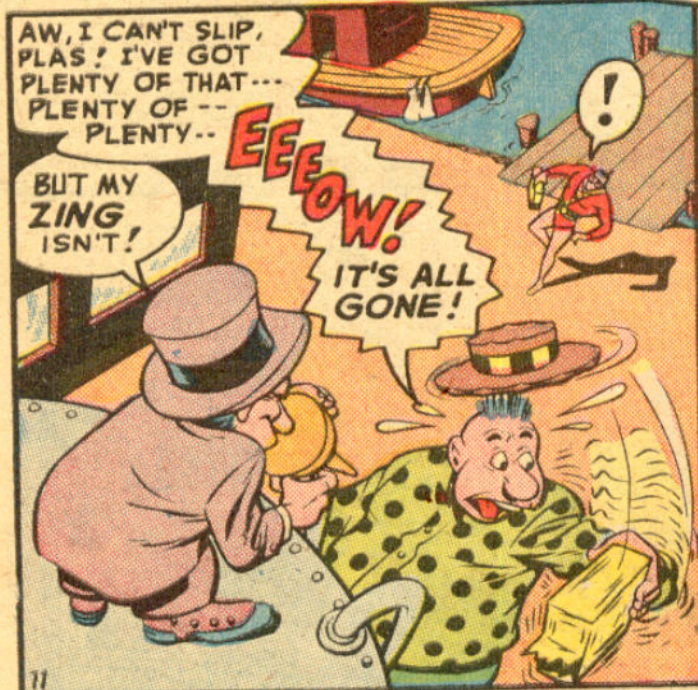
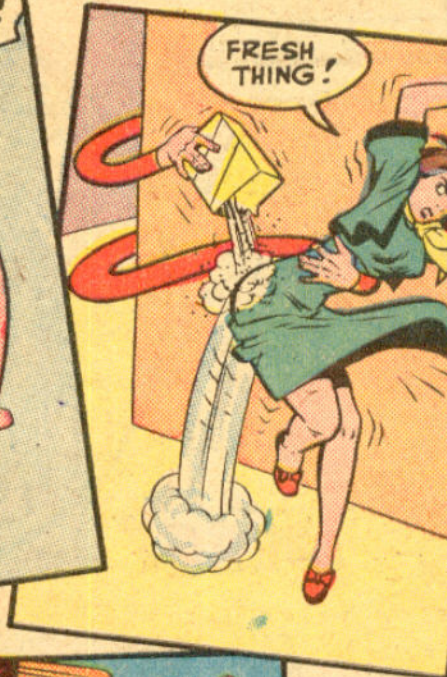
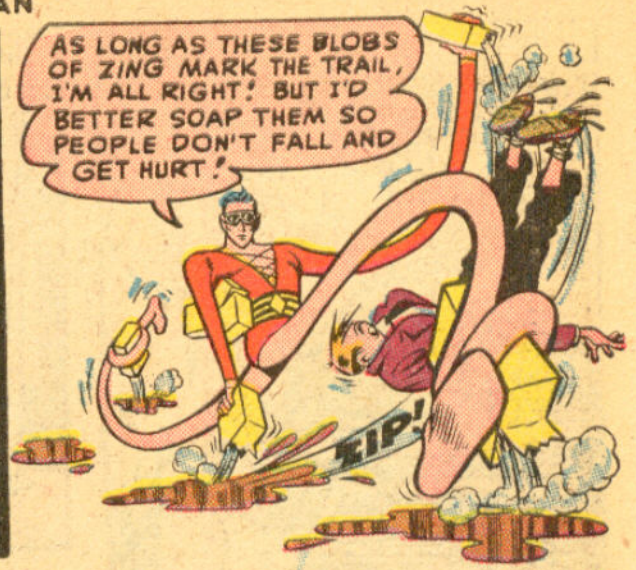
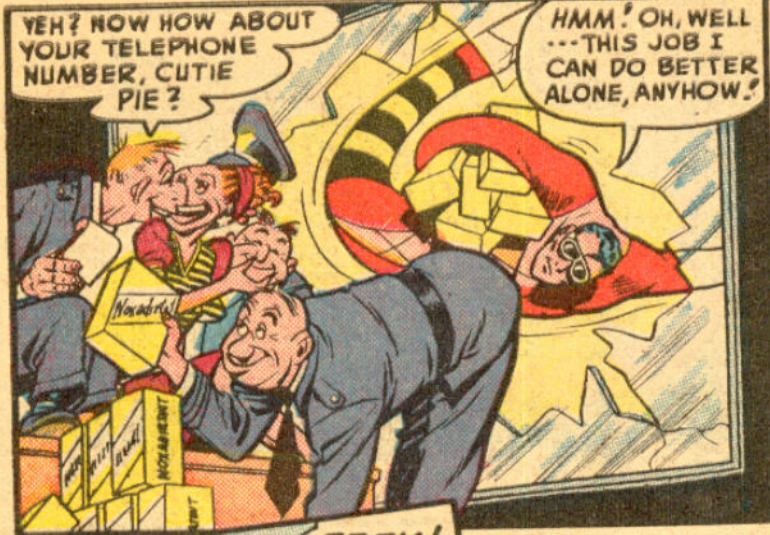
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



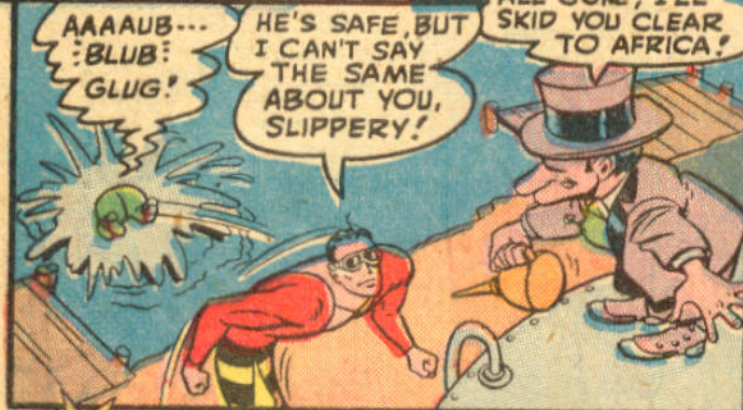
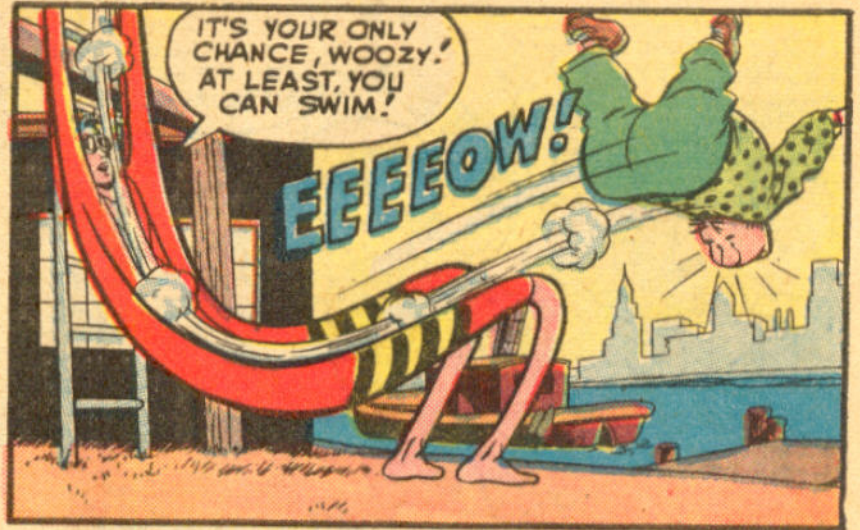
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



I CAN'T CATCH HIM! WITH THAT ZING ON HIS CLOTHES, HE'D GO RIGHT THROUGH MY ARMS AND BE KILLED!

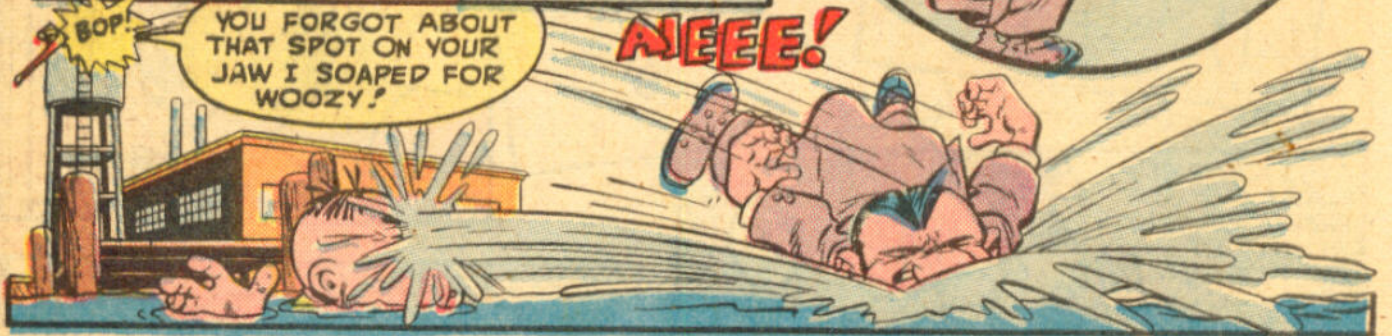


HE'S SAFE, BUT I CAN'T SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU, SLIPPERY!

STAY BACK! WITH YOUR DETERGENT ALL GONE, I'LL SKID YOU CLEAR TO AFRICA!

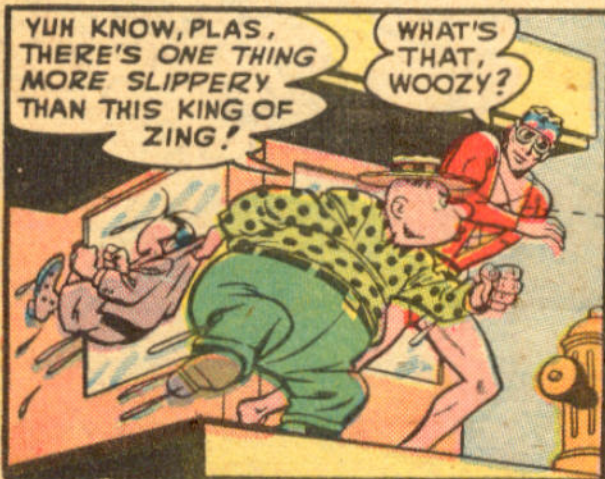


THE SURPRISE IS ALL YOURS, CLARENCE!

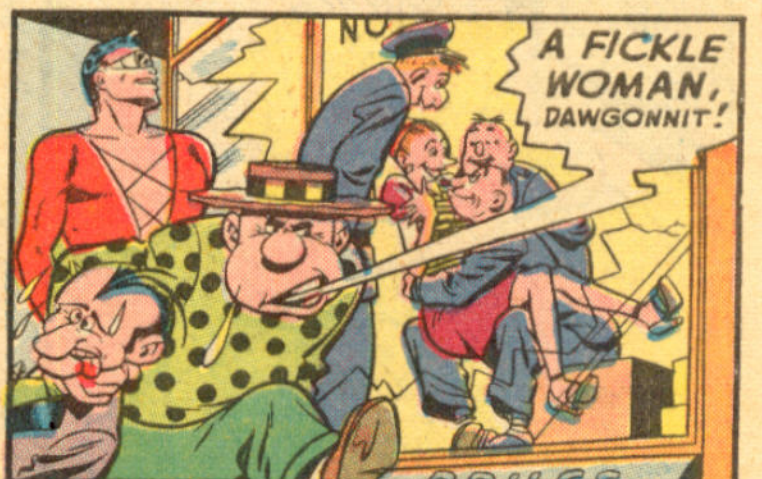


YOU FORGOT ABOUT THAT SPOT ON YOUR JAW I SOAPED FOR WOODY!

NEEE!



WHAT'S THAT, WOODY?

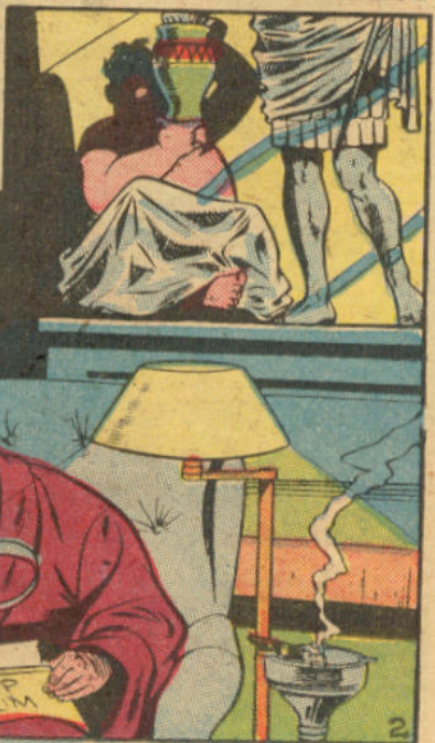
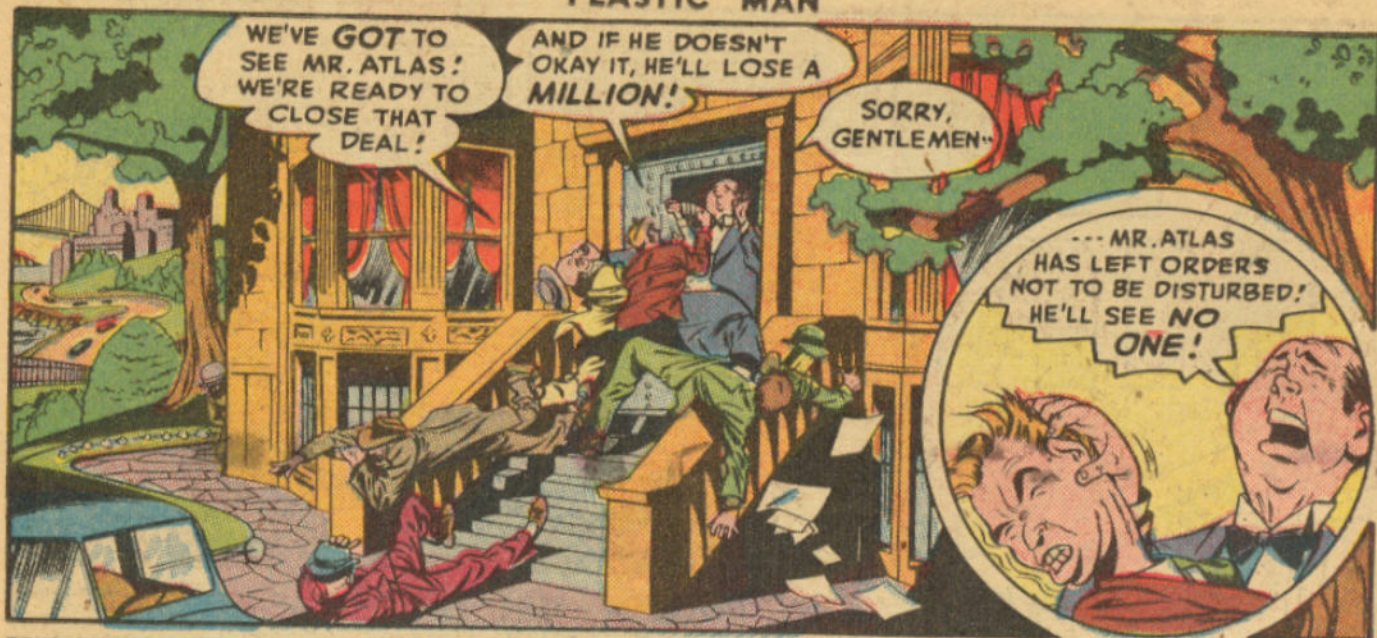


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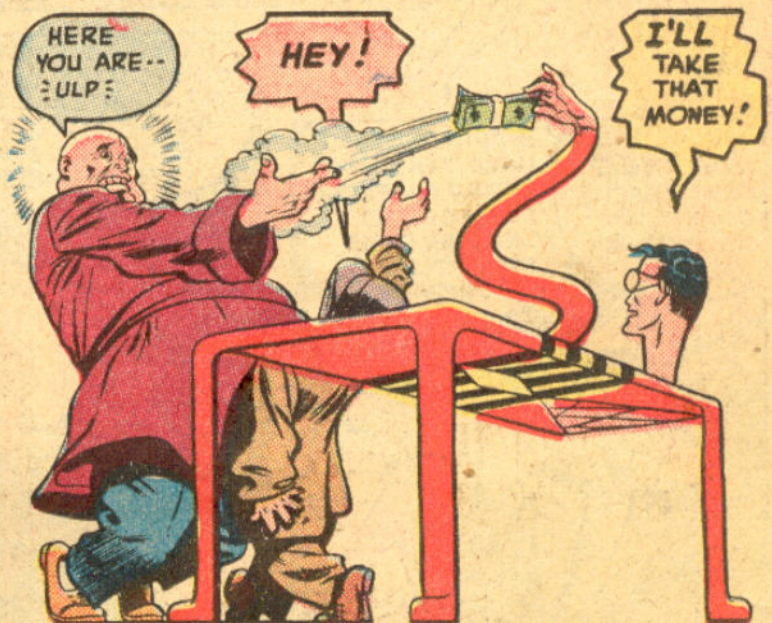
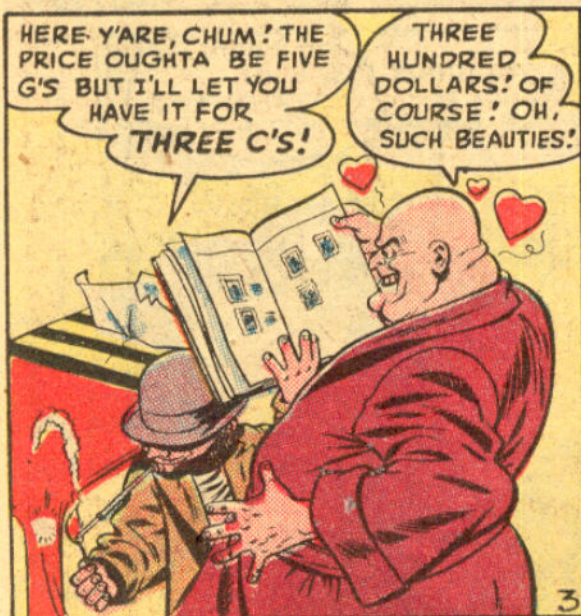


Phony Fink was a big-time counterfeiter! He would counterfeit his grandmother's cookie recipe if there was a dishonest penny in the deal! So it was natural for Phony to turn to wealthy stamp collectors for easy pickingsuntil **Plastic Man** cancelled his conspiracy, stamped out his racket and added Phony to his personal crook collection in the "Case of the Counterfeit Counterfeit!"

PLASTIC MAN



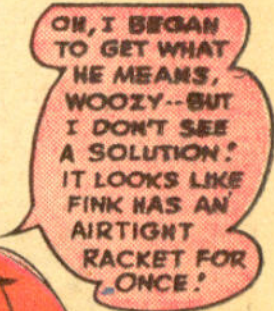
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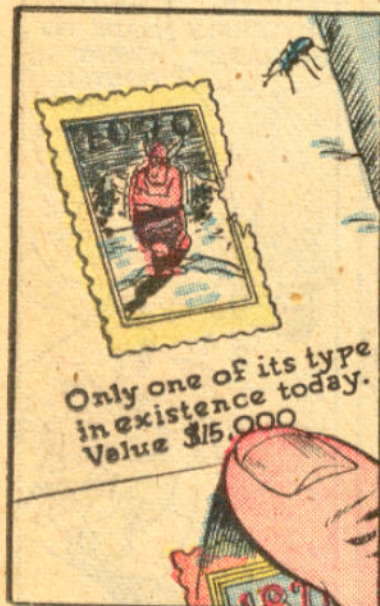
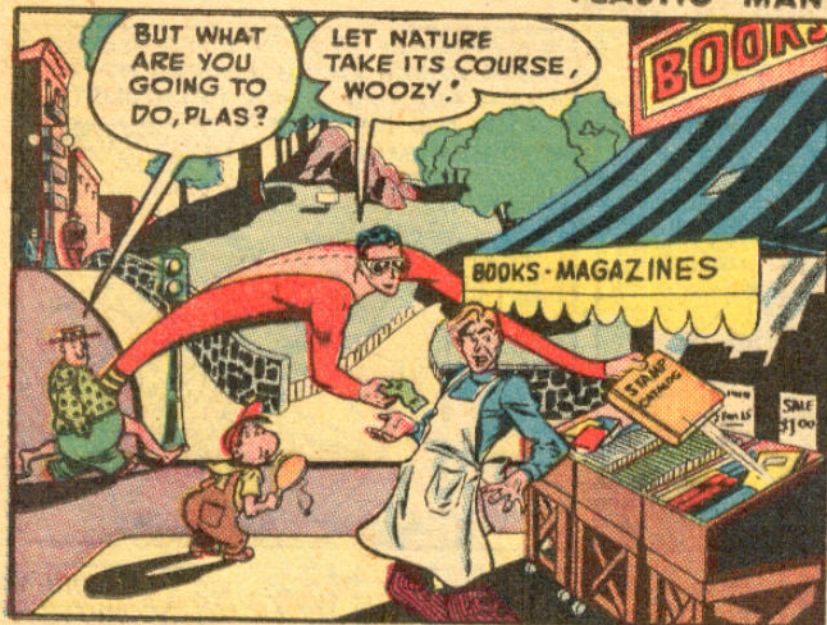


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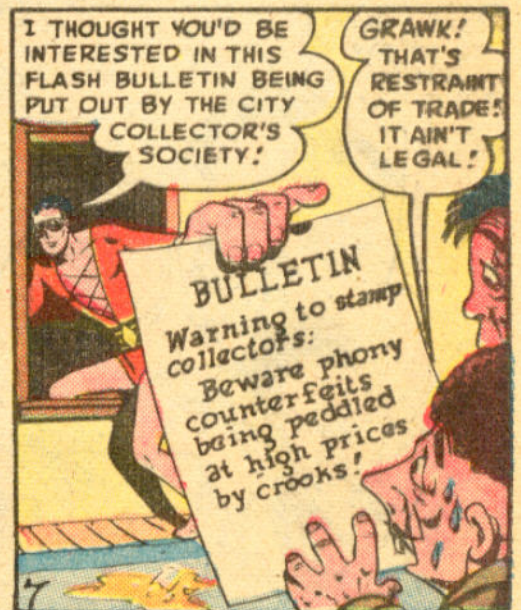
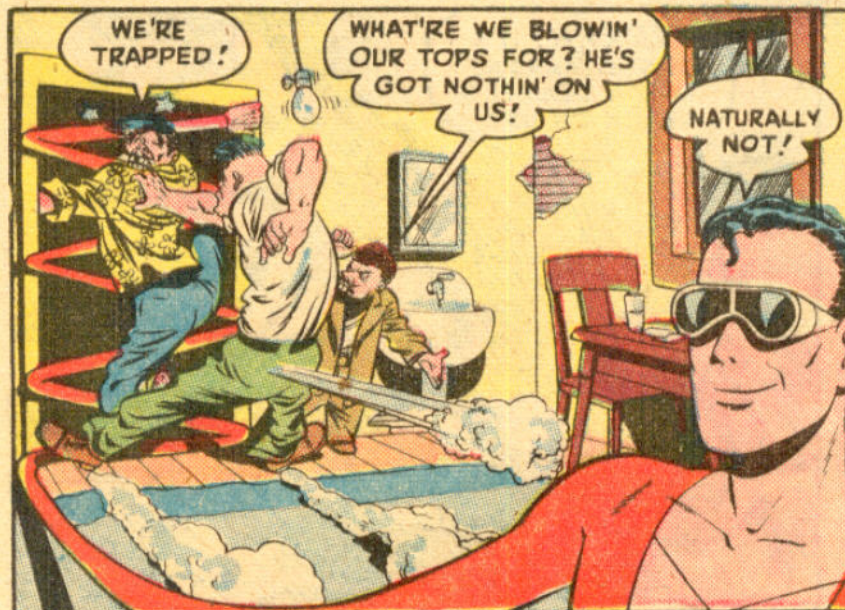
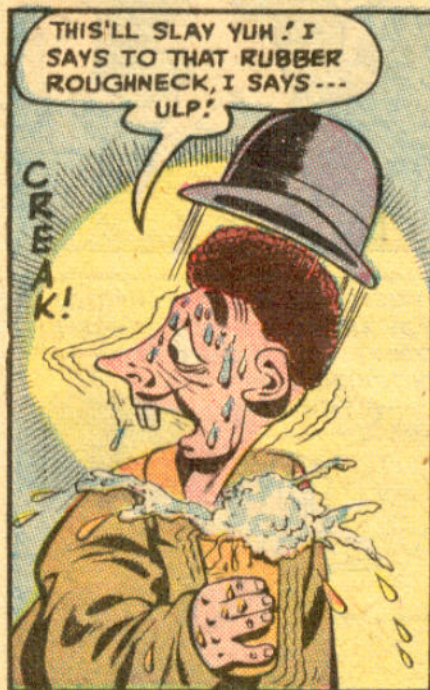
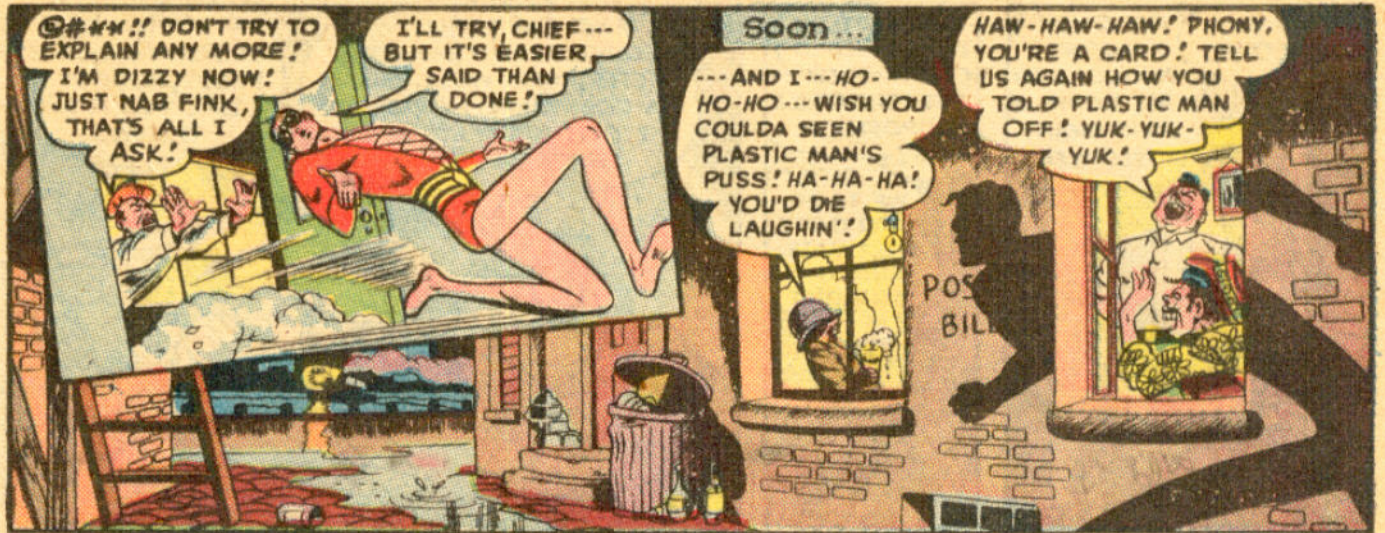


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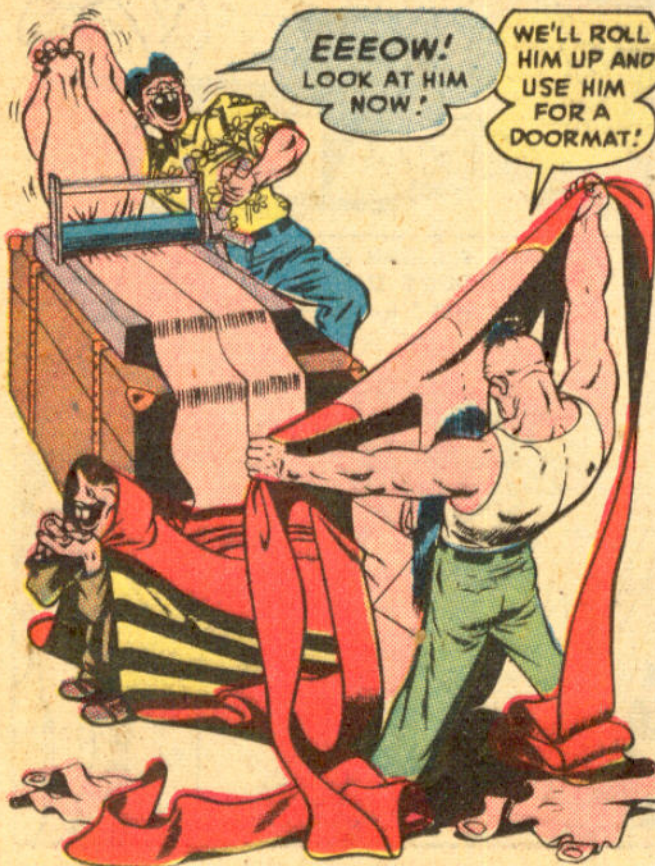
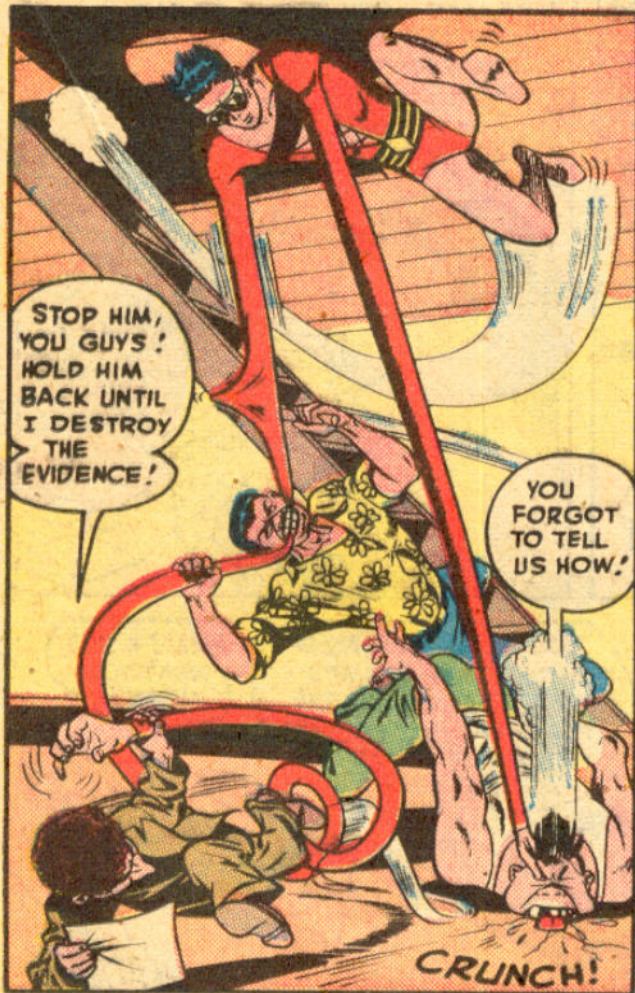
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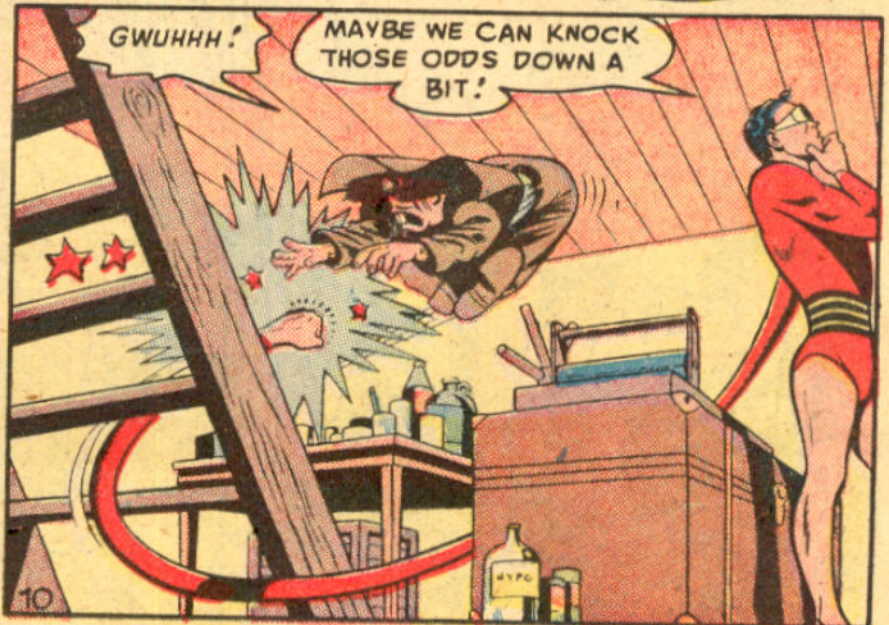
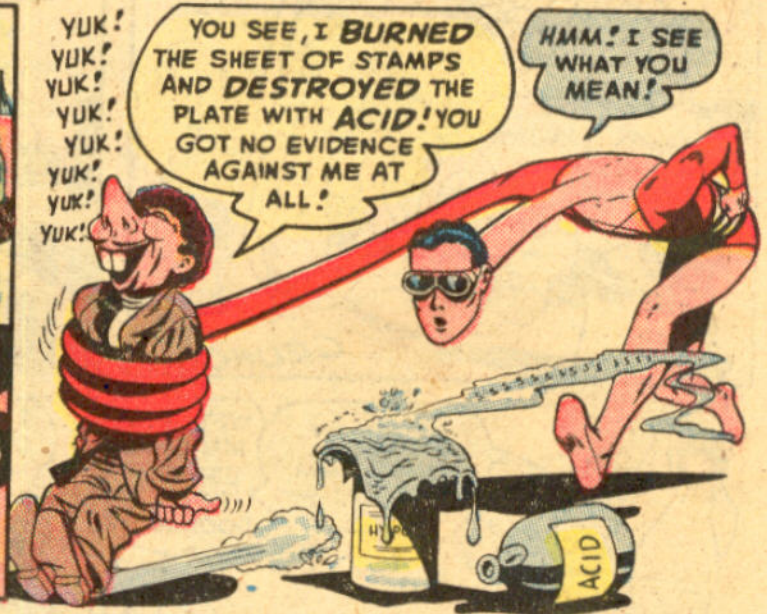
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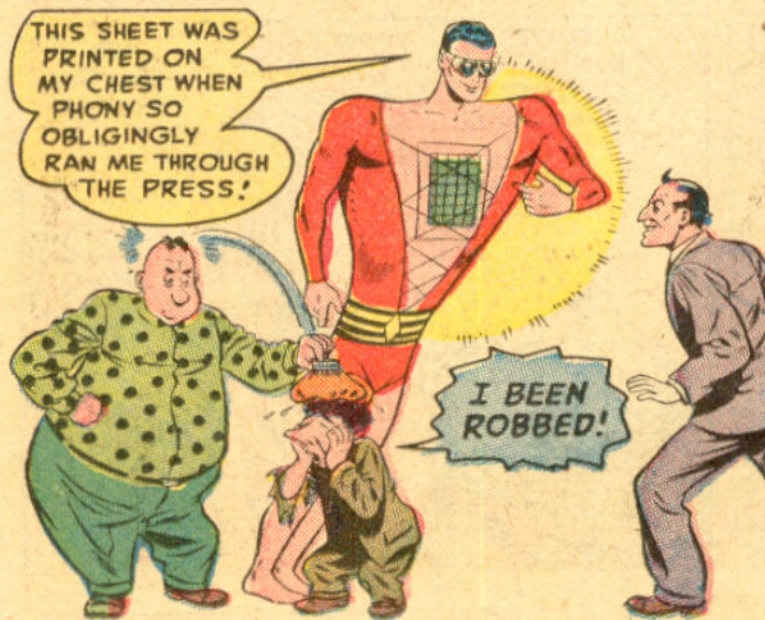
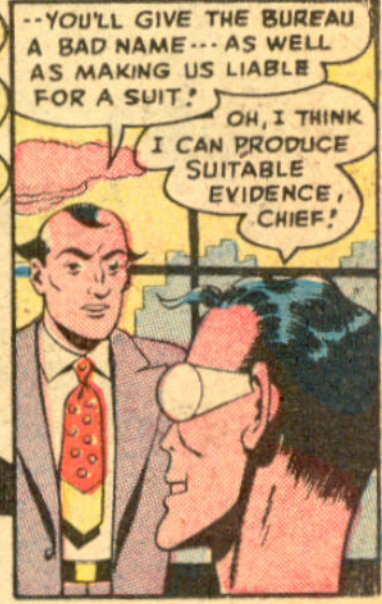
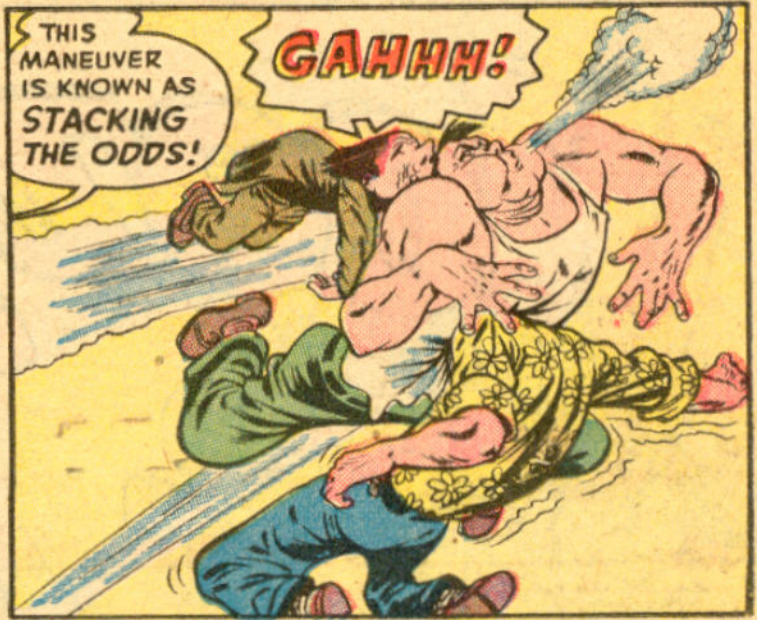
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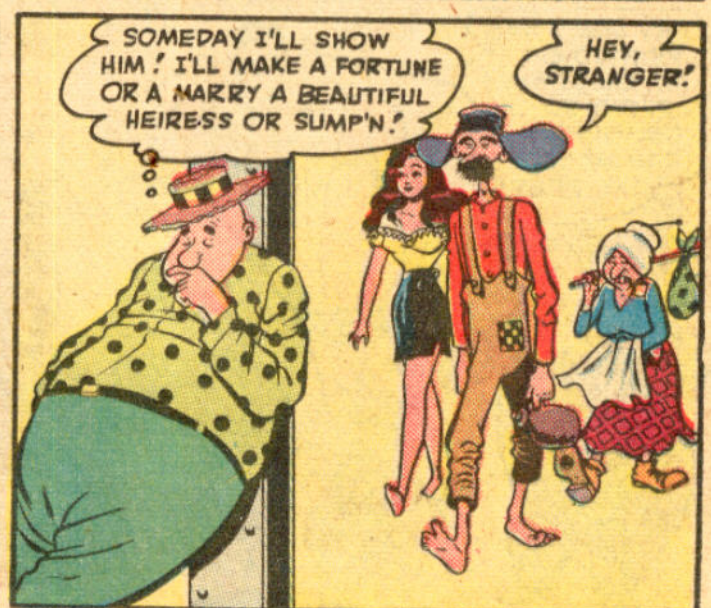
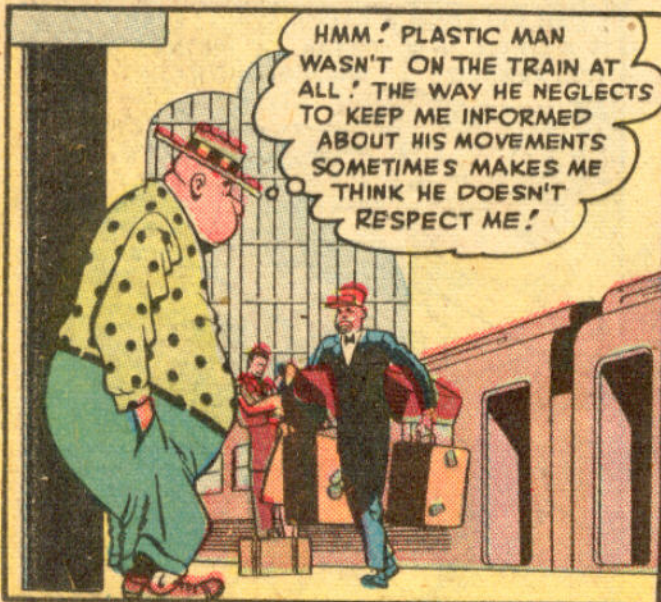


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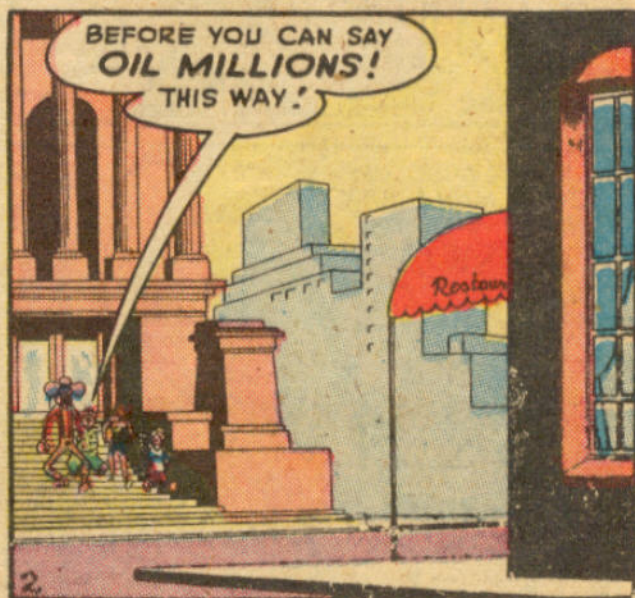
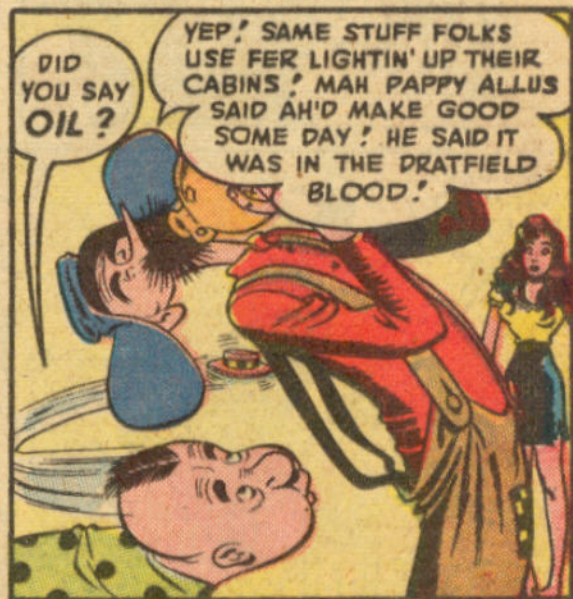


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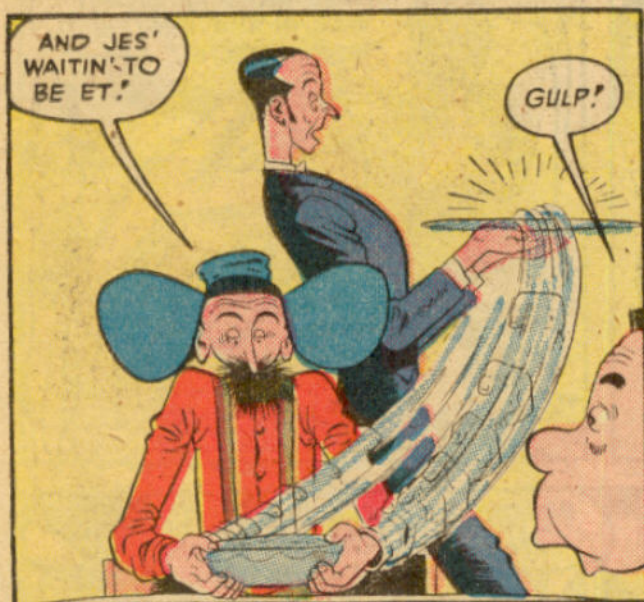




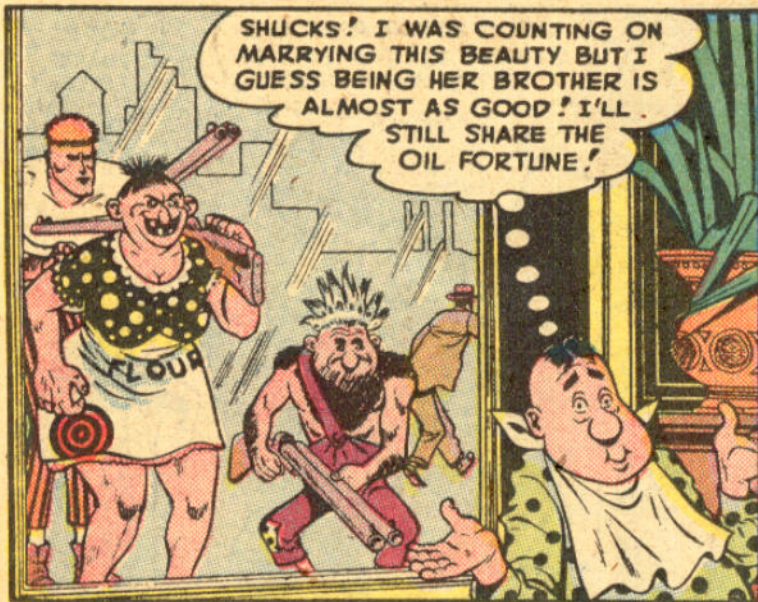
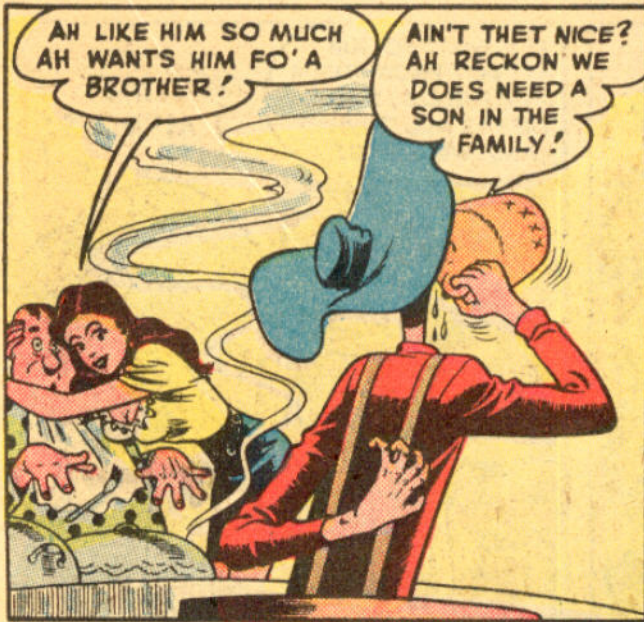
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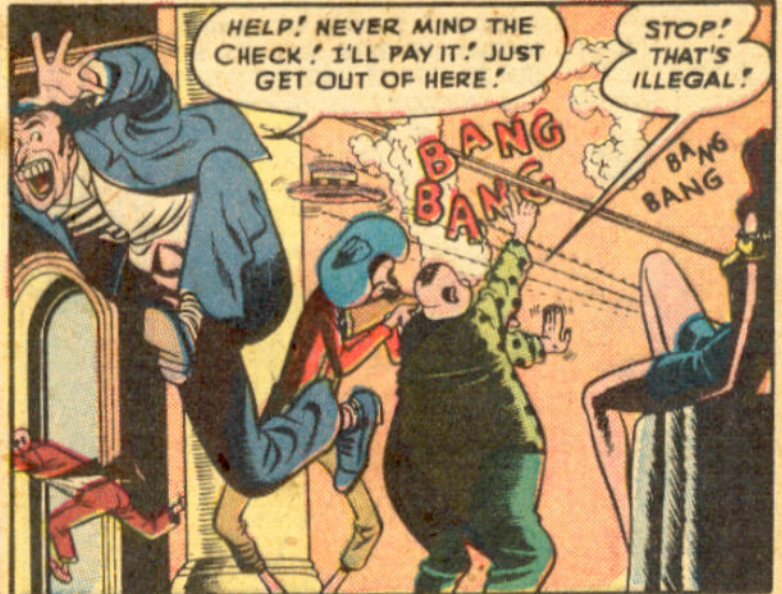
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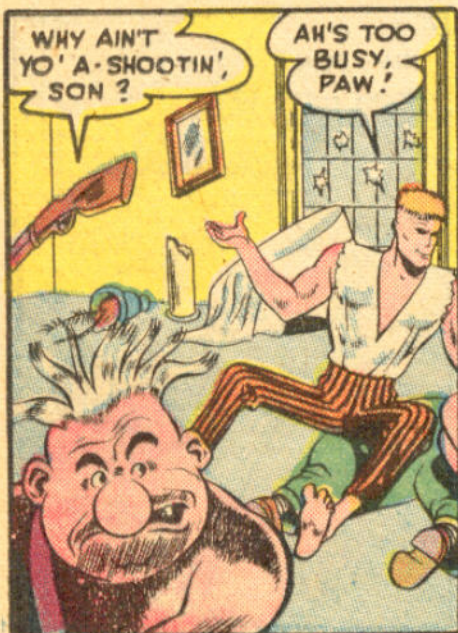
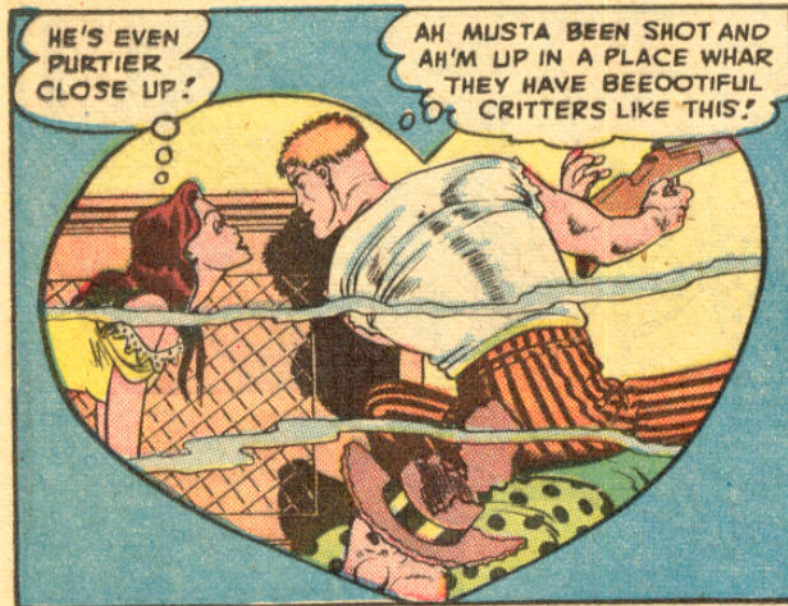
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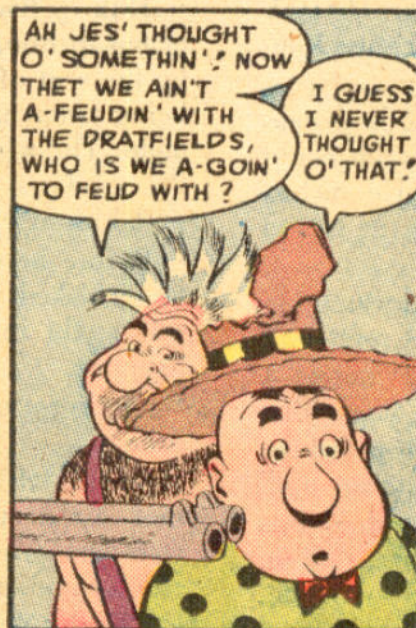
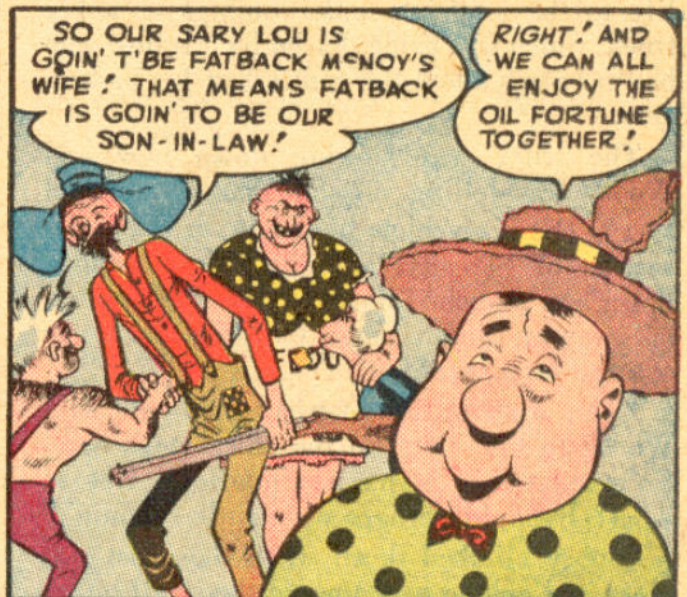
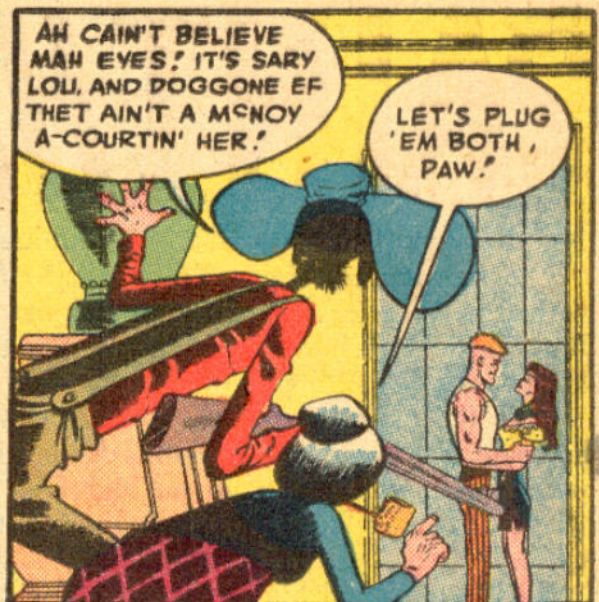
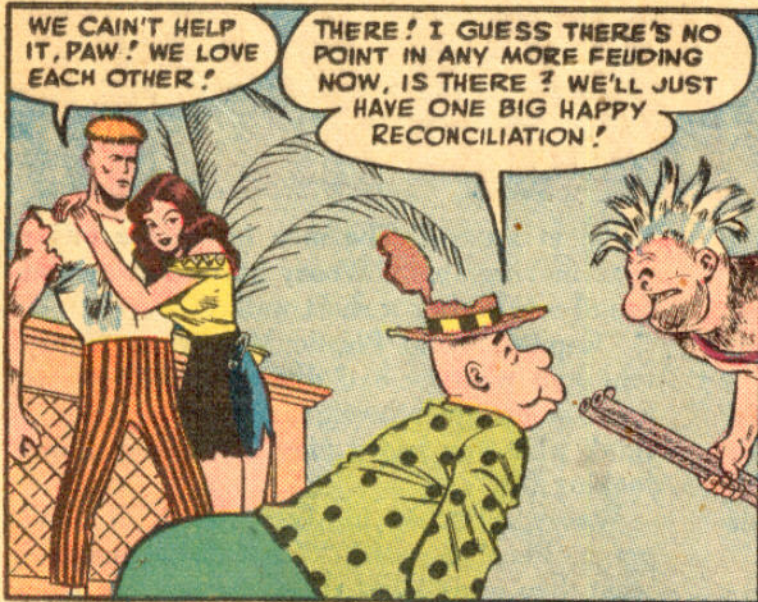
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

PAINT HIDES A KILLER

WOOZY never did like the idea of clinging to the undercarriage of a truck. In fact he had never done such a menial task before. But Plastic Man never paid much attention to Woozy's grumbling.

"It's the only way, Woozy," Plastic Man had said that morning. "When the Acme truck pulls away, you just grab on and find out where they go. We must get a line on this outfit."

So Woozy found himself hanging for dear life to the jouncing underpinnings of a big truck, which was being driven by a fellow who had no cares about the comfort of his passengers.

The truck was slowing down now and Woozy was telling himself that he was not sorry. The big vehicle halted in an industrial section of the city, and the driver stepped down and stretched himself. Then he sauntered away and into a small building that set in a large lumberyard.

"This ain't tellin' us what goes on," said Woozy to himself. "So the truck stops here. So maybe this is its headquarters. But so what? I should perhaps do a little snoopin'."

Woozy climbed down when the coast was clear and ankled over toward the small building that said OFFICE above its door. He took advantage of the piles of lumber, feeling himself a regular Sherlock.

When he was close to the office, he listened. He could hear a buzz of voices but could make out nothing that was said. He inched closer and cocked a large ear near the closed window.

"... but Mr. Heintz," said a rumbling voice, "at this rate we'll go broke soon—all them houses."

"Never mind," said a heavier voice that Woozy took to be Mr. Heintz's. "You fellows do exactly what I tell you. We'll clean up."

Now, thought Woozy, just what does this mean? Better get back and tell Plastic Man. He waited for a moment, hoping something else would be said; but the interview seemed

to be at an end. The men inside the office were moving about. Woozy hurried away and found a cab after a short walk.

"Capital!" said Plastic Man when Woozy told him what he had discovered. "Now we know where their headquarters is . . . and I think what you heard may be the key I was looking for."

Woozy scratched his fuzzy head. "I don't get it, Plas," he said. "What did it mean—what they said?"

"Nothing tangible at this time, Woozy. I think we'll give it a bit of time. Meanwhile, I have another little job for you."

Woozy looked startled. "Not—not under a tru—"

"No trucks this time," said Plastic Man with a laugh. "You've earned a nice easy job. And here it is. I want you to return to the place where you began riding the truck. Stick around and listen to anything anybody says—I believe the house is being painted."

Woozy nodded. "It's Professor Worley's house. The Acme company is paintin' it a pretty light green. Ya want me to overhear some talk around there?"

Woozy was leaving the tall building where Plastic Man's office was located on the top—18th—floor, when a strange thing happened to him. A powerful hand grasped him by the seat of the pants and he was suddenly being swept upward with the speed of a tornado. The wind whistled around his ears and the windows of the building shot downward past him at express train speed.

Before he could let out a yell of terror he was whisked inside a window, and found himself again in Plastic Man's office. Plas was grinning.

"I forgot something, Woozy," Plastic Man said.

"So did I," replied Woozy ruefully. "And that is that you've got long arms when you want 'em! Migosh, you reached down eighteen stories and nabbed me!"

"Yeah, Yoozy, and here's why: when you

PLASTIC MAN

arrive at Prof. Worley's house, don't get too near it. Now remember, stay at least fifty feet away from it. If you can hear anything at that distance, good. If not, come on back and wait for me."

"B-but I don't get it, Plas—fifty feet away! I'll never hear anything. These are EARS I've got, not microphones!"

Plastic Man chuckled. "Woozy, if those are ears, what are cab doors hanging open? . . . There, now, little pal, no offense! Just stay away from the Prof's house—fifty feet. Then come back here."

Again Woozy was on his way, and soon he arrived at the professor's light-green house at the edge of the city. It was a big rambling house, and the painters—using odd looking long-range compressed airbrushes—were finishing up.

Woozy lolled about the sidewalk, trying to look nonchalant, if such a funny looking little guy could look that way. He saw nothing, except the painters putting their tools into another truck and at last driving away.

Pretty soon a big limousine drove into the professor's drive and a man stepped out. It was Prof. Worley himself, and he had a briefcase under one arm. He hurried into the house. The big car disappeared around the mansion.

Plastic Man was listening to a telephone conversation. It was not a conversation addressed to him; it was the butler at the Worley house talking with the chief of police. Plastic Man had a secret device that allowed him to tap into any telephone conversation at any time.

"But, Chief," the butler was saying, "this is urgent. I tell you Mrs. Worley and her daughter are terribly sick. I suspect foul play . . . Yes, three specialists are in attendance . . . No. They seem baffled, unable to diagnose the disease . . . Yes sir."

That afternoon the newspapers carried big headlines, relating the mysterious deaths of two noted professors and an industrialist—the head of a large paint manufacturing firm; also the sudden illness of Prof Worley's entire household, including Worley himself.

Plastic Man whistled softly. Here was something bigger than he had thought at first. There had been several deaths in the last few

weeks—most of the victims well-known building contractors and painters.

What is this?

Plastic Man visited the chief of police and told him his suspicions.

"But, Plas," said the chief, "that sounds like a fantasy. I never heard of such a scheme. You sure?"

"Certain, Chief. Now will you give me a few men and one of your Black Marias? . . . If a lot of cops converge on these guys, some of them will escape. We want the entire outfit, leaders and all. Send a force to that lumberyard Woozy discovered; that's their headquarters. And let me handle the rest in my own way."

"Okay, Plas," said the chief. "It's your funeral. Good luck!"

With screaming sirens, the police cars surrounded the lumberyard headquarters of the Acme Paint Company and soon had the heads under arrest.

Plastic Man had other plans. Acme crews were working on two houses at different sides of the city. He quickly learned where, and set out with the crew of policemen for one. It was the residence of John Rhodes, the largest building contractor in town. Already the house was half painted. Men swarmed about it with air brushes shooting mists of buff paint.

Plastic Man noted the great distance away from the house the scaffolding was built—at least twenty feet. This seemed wrong and was. It told Plastic Man the story of this treacherous scheme hatched in the mind of a crafty paint maker and builder.

As the police looked on, wide-eyed, Plastic Man's two rubber arms shot out and, grasping a painter in each hand, quickly stuffed them into the police wagon. All they had to do was cruise around the house, repeating the performance. The net was a score of paint-daubed men, the whole crew of Acme.

Back at police headquarters Plastic Man told his story for the press. The reason that folks had died of a baffling disease in each of the Acme-painted houses was because Acme had injected vast amounts of radioactive material in the paint. The resultant disease was the breaking down of red corpuscles and death.

Woozy shivered when he heard this.

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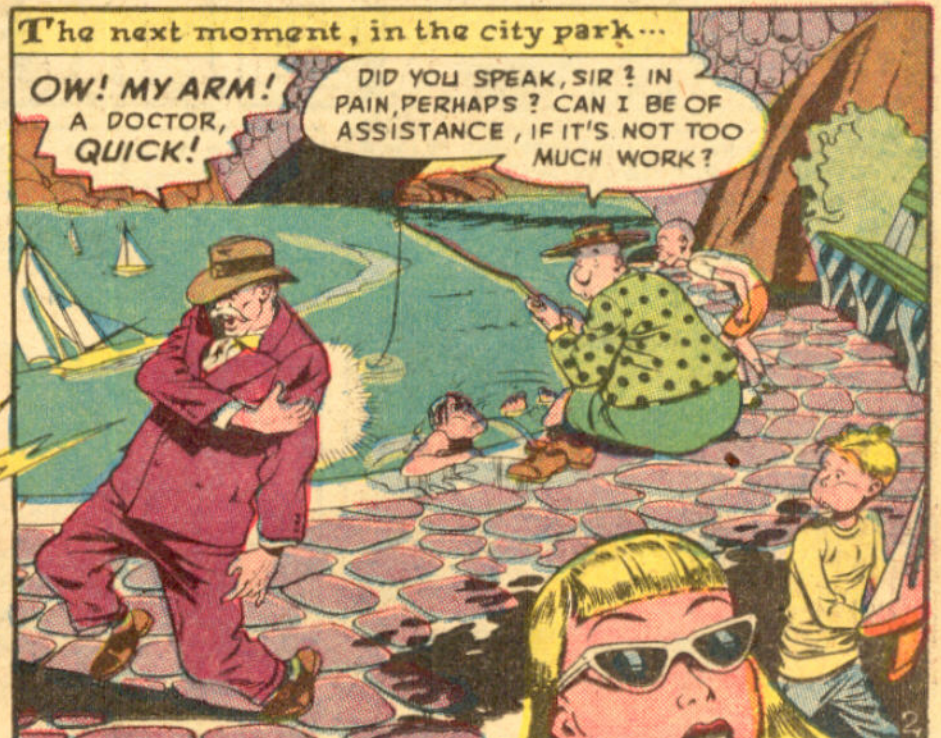
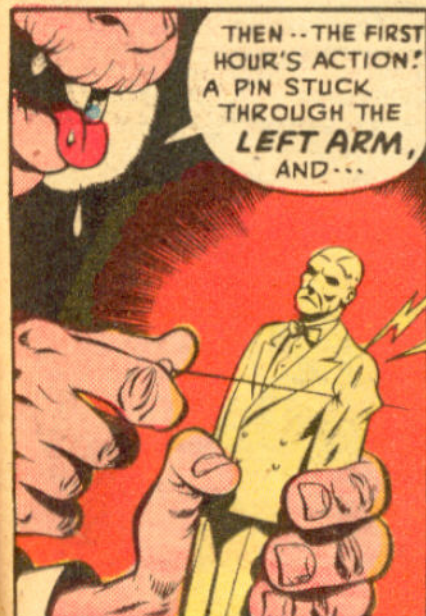


Witchcraft...blackest of all the black arts!

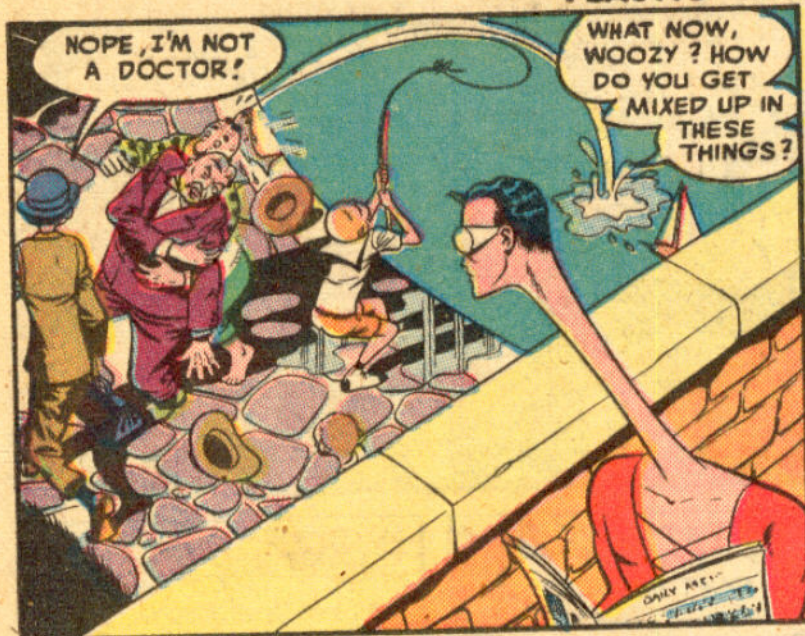
PLASTIC MAN has stretched his way through scores of amazing adventures to combat evil, but neither he nor **Woody Winks** ever dreamed that there could be such a creature as

CAULDRON!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



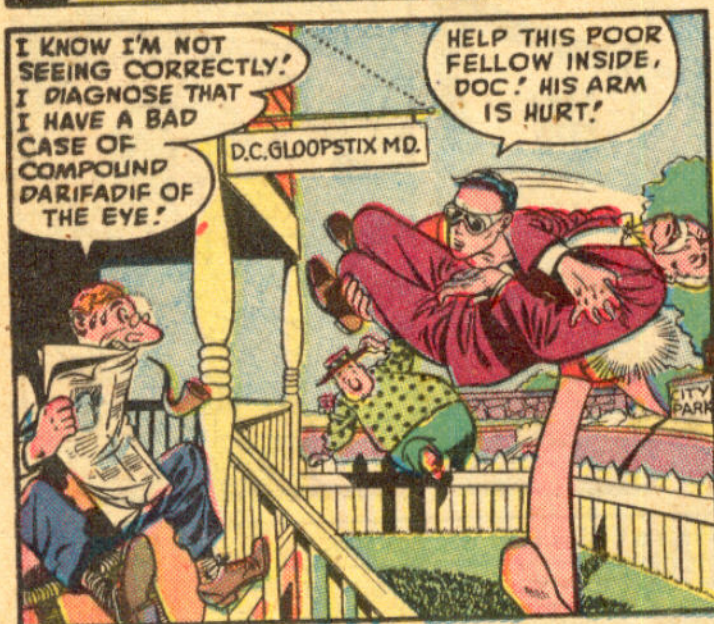
NOPE, I'M NOT A DOCTOR!

WHAT NOW, WOOLY? HOW DO YOU GET MIXED UP IN THESE THINGS?



I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP THIS POOR SUFFERER, PLAS! HE WAS TAKEN WITH TERRIBLE PAIN IN HIS ARM!

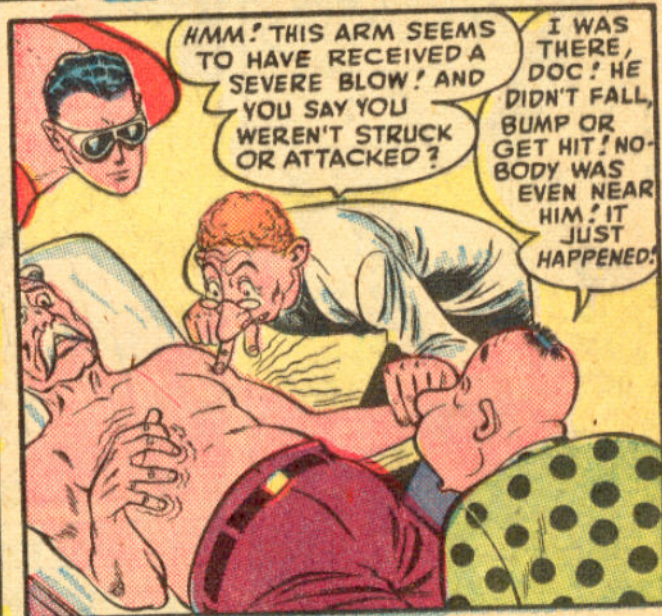
I'M J.K. DARTMOOR! I'M RICH, I'LL PAY ANYTHING... BUT GET ME TO A DOCTOR!



I KNOW I'M NOT SEEING CORRECTLY! I DIAGNOSE THAT I HAVE A BAD CASE OF COMPOUND PARIFADIF OF THE EYE!

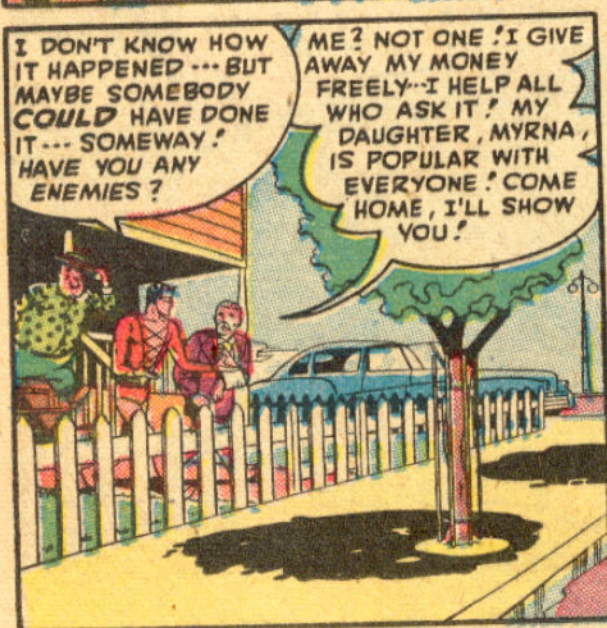
D.C. GLOOPSTIX M.D.

HELP THIS POOR FELLOW INSIDE, DOC! HIS ARM IS HURT!



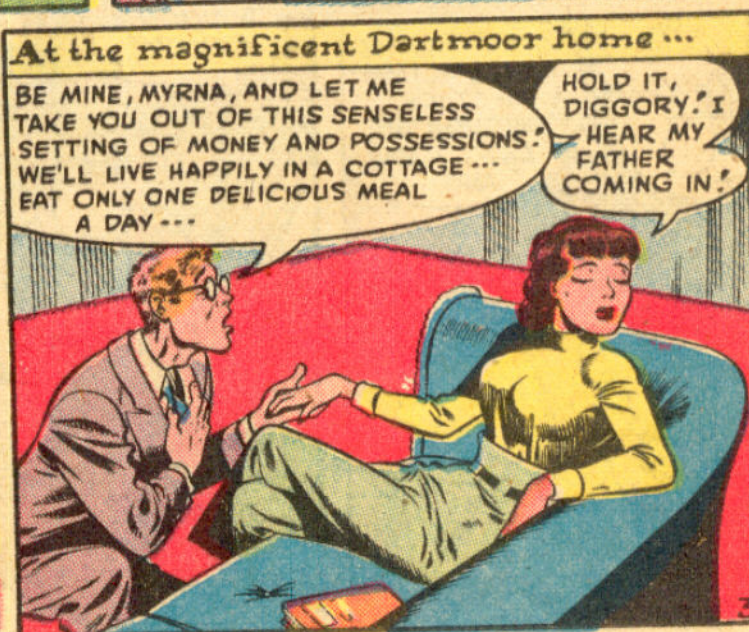
HMM! THIS ARM SEEMS TO HAVE RECEIVED A SEVERE BLOW! AND YOU SAY YOU WEREN'T STRUCK OR ATTACKED?

I WAS THERE, DOC! HE DIDN'T FALL, BUMP OR GET HIT! NOBODY WAS EVEN NEAR HIM! IT JUST HAPPENED!



I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED... BUT MAYBE SOMEBODY COULD HAVE DONE IT... SOMEWAY! HAVE YOU ANY ENEMIES?

ME? NOT ONE! I GIVE AWAY MY MONEY FREELY... I HELP ALL WHO ASK IT! MY DAUGHTER, MYRNA, IS POPULAR WITH EVERYONE! COME HOME, I'LL SHOW YOU!

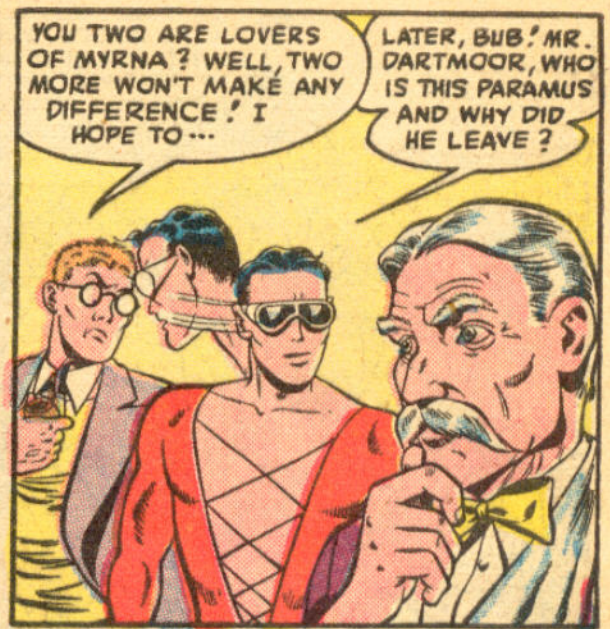
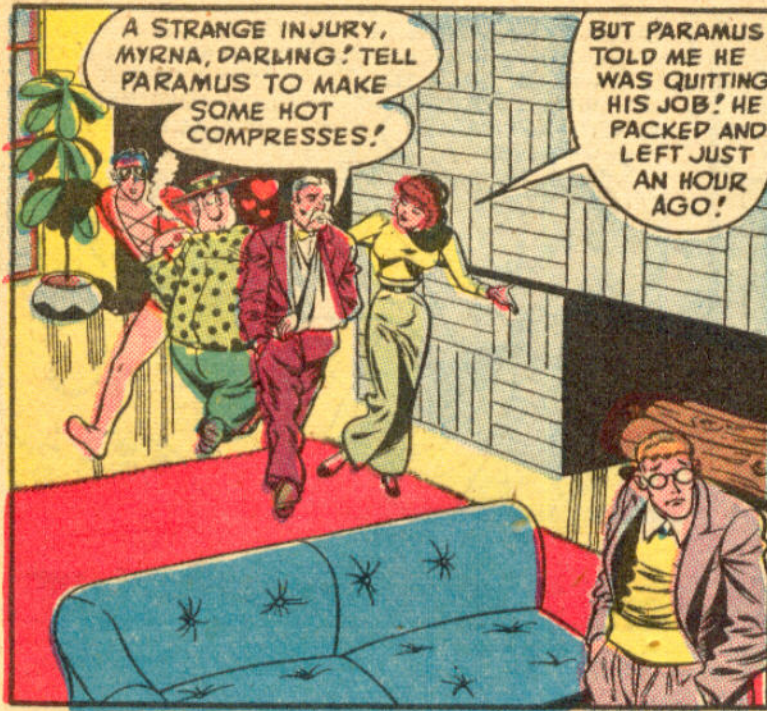


At the magnificent Dartmoor home...

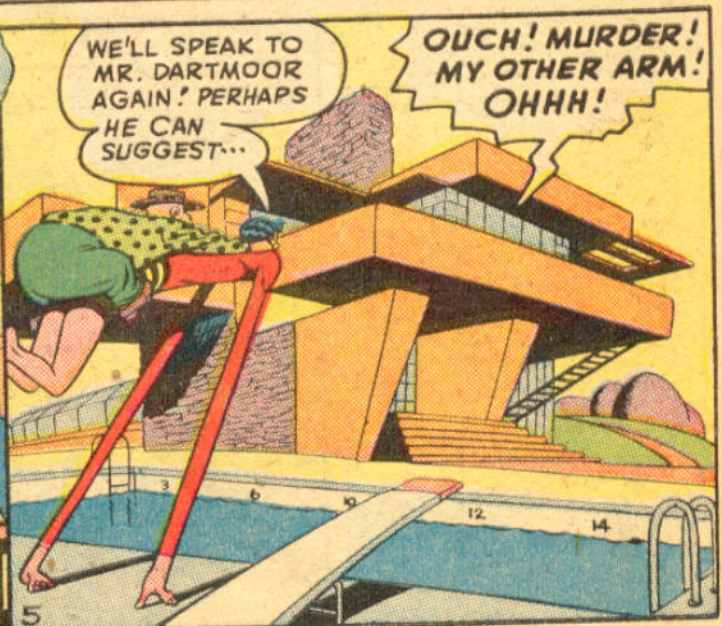
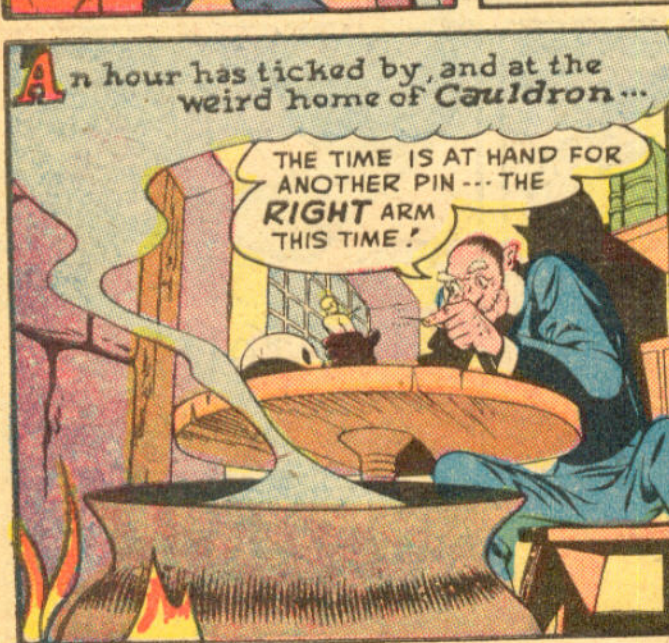
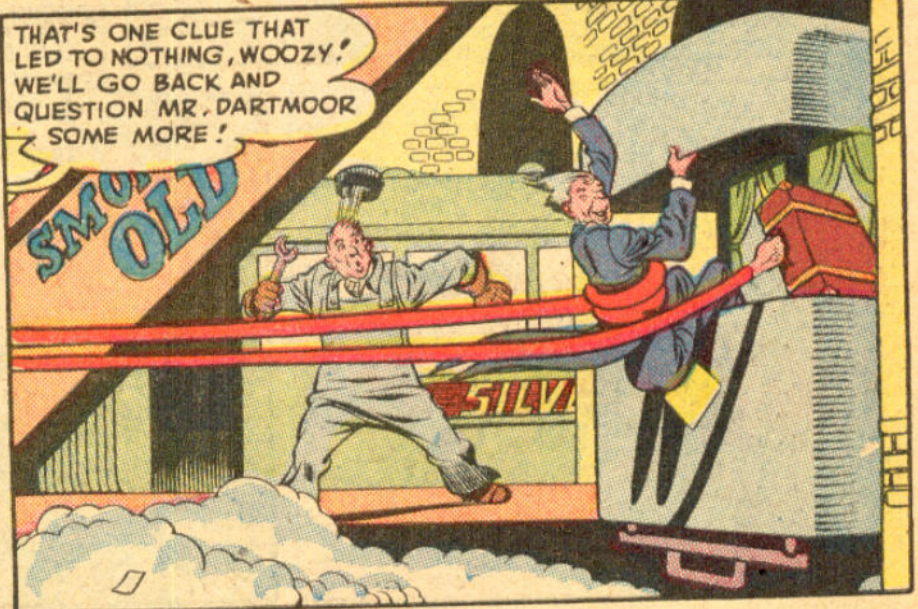
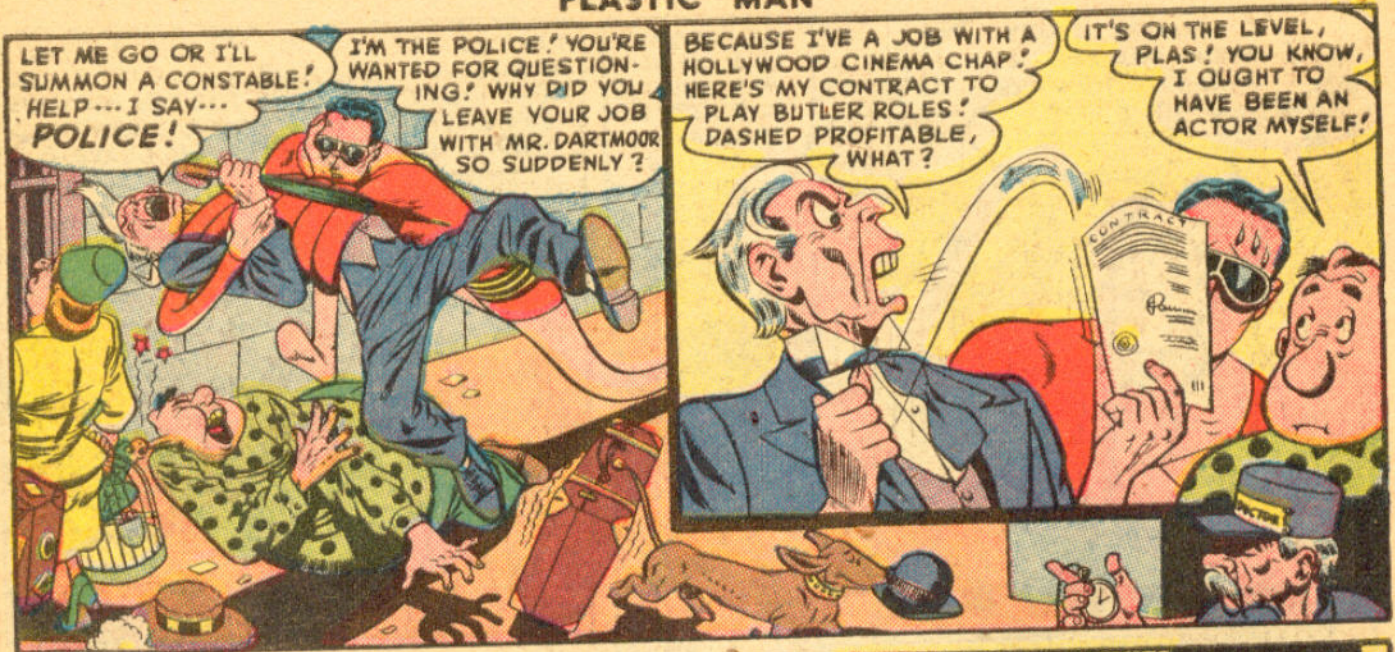
BE MINE, MYRNA, AND LET ME TAKE YOU OUT OF THIS SENSELESS SETTING OF MONEY AND POSSESSIONS! WE'LL LIVE HAPPILY IN A COTTAGE... EAT ONLY ONE DELICIOUS MEAL A DAY...

HOLD IT, DIGGORY! I HEAR MY FATHER COMING IN!

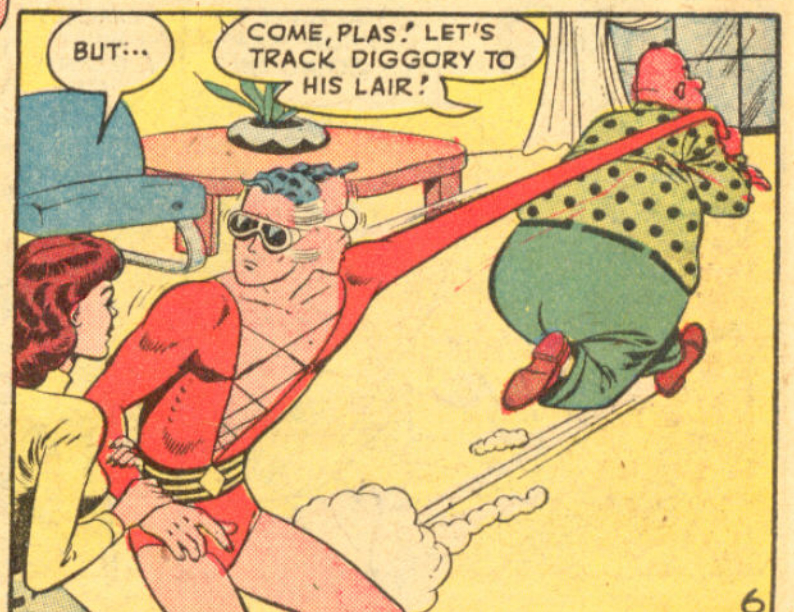
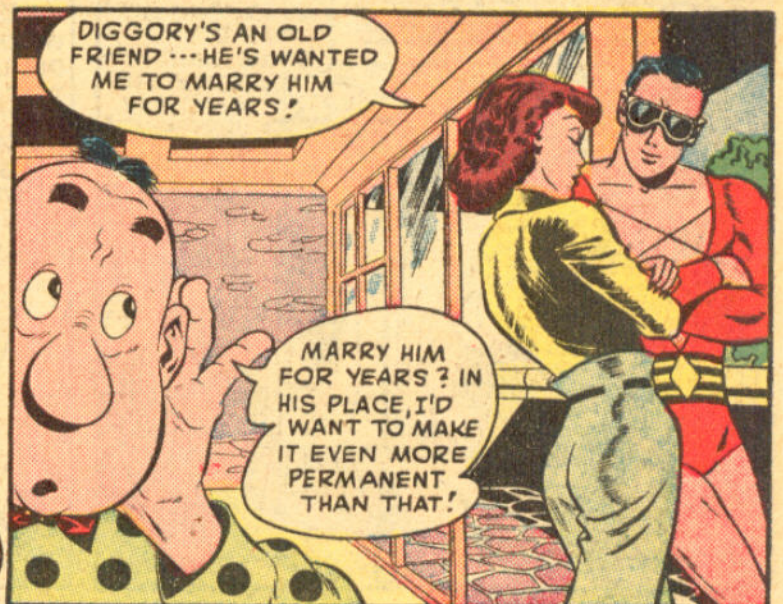
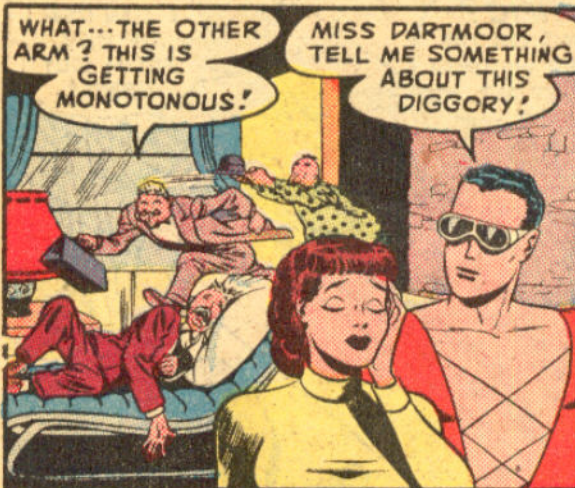
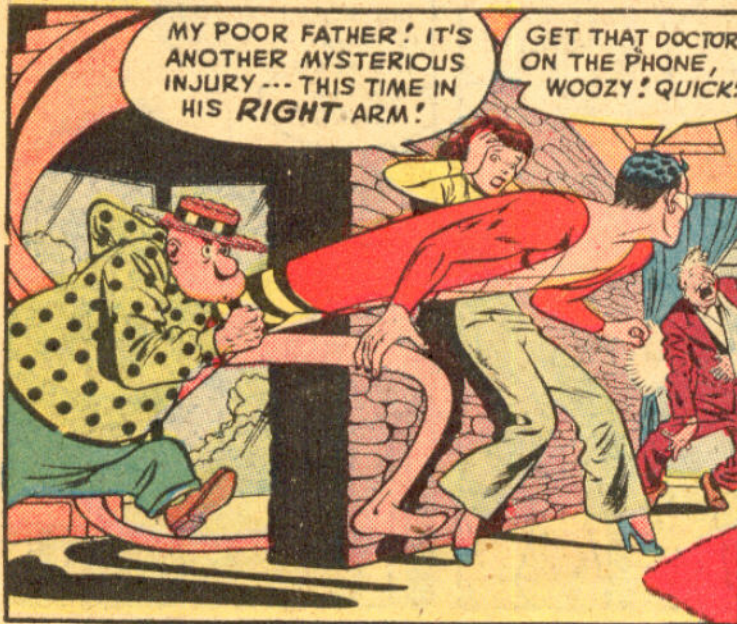
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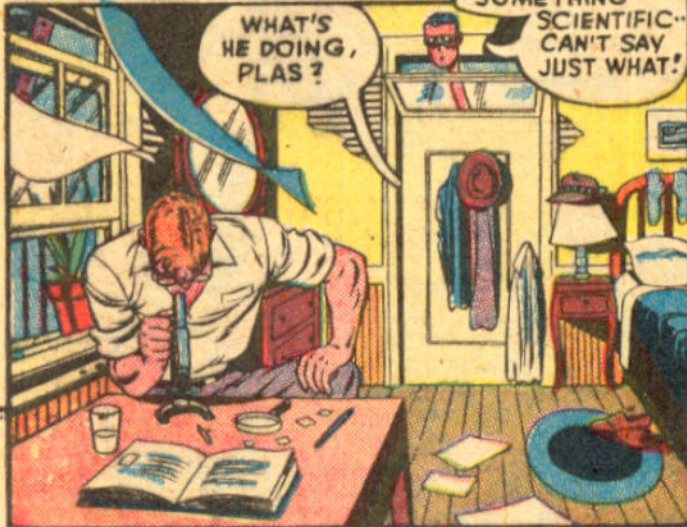
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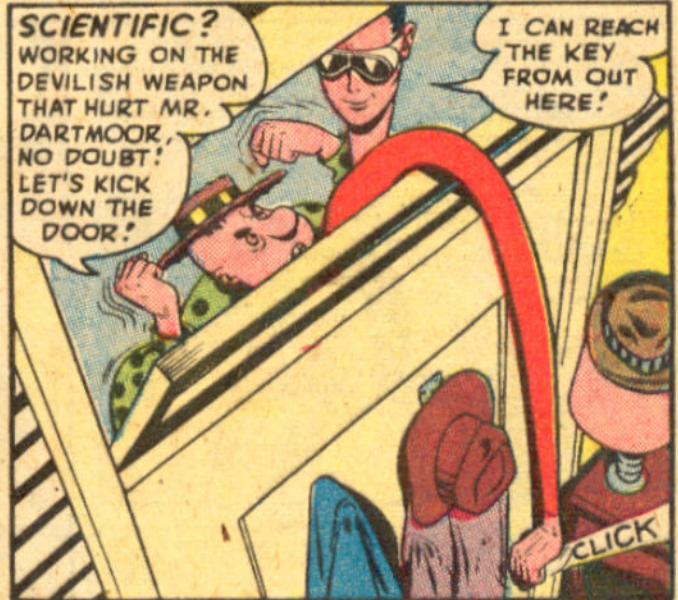
COULD BE WOOLLY! WE'LL SEE, ANYWAY!



READY FOR ACTION, PLAS! HE'LL BE DESPERATE WHEN HE SEES WE KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM!



QUIET, WOOLLY! HE'S DOING SOMETHING SCIENTIFIC-- CAN'T SAY JUST WHAT!



I CAN REACH THE KEY FROM OUT HERE!

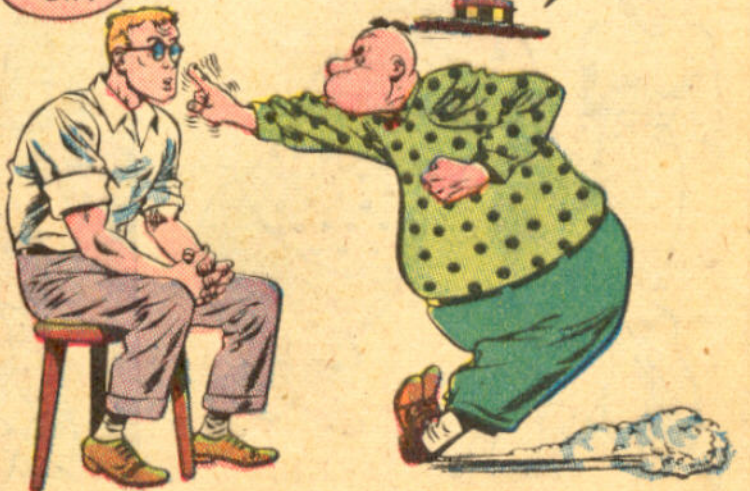
CLICK



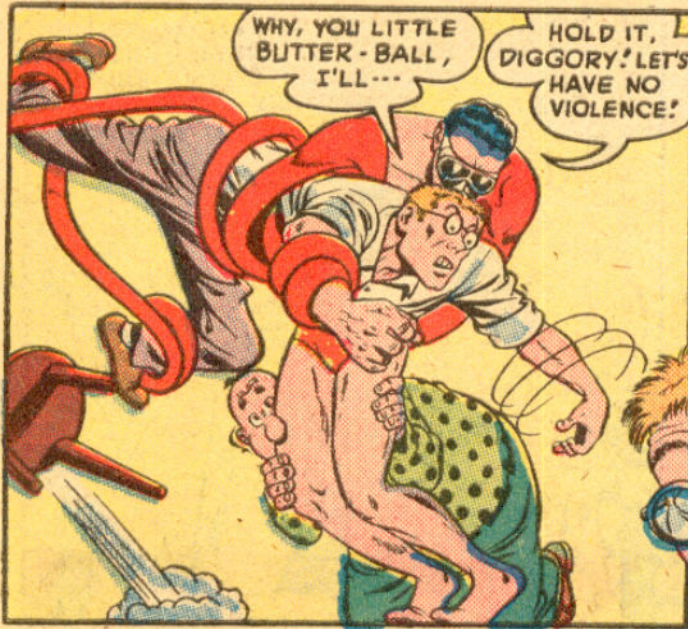
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON?

EXACTLY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

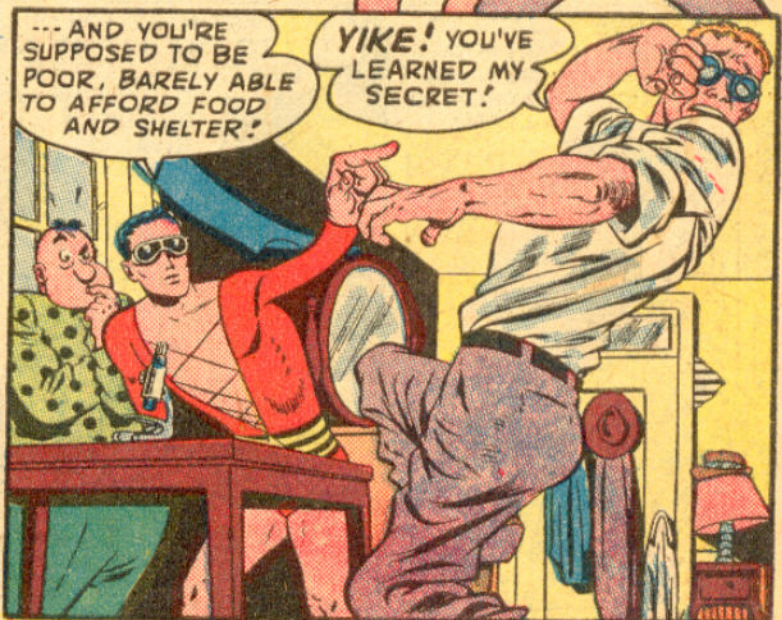
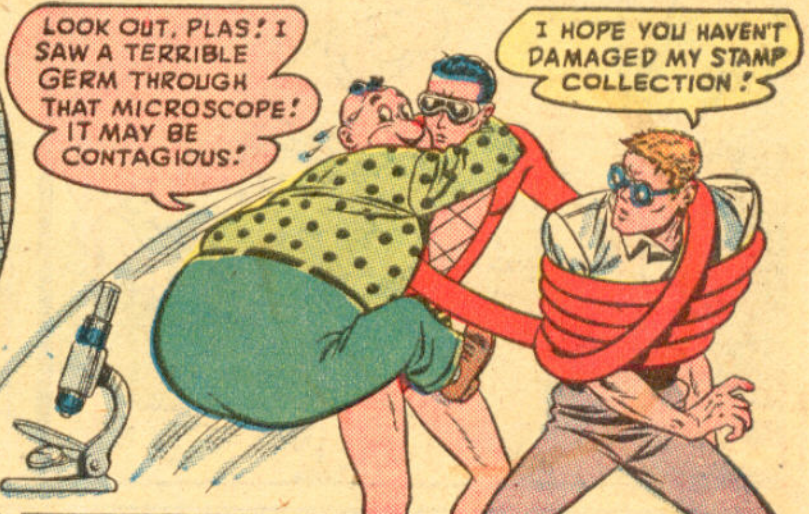
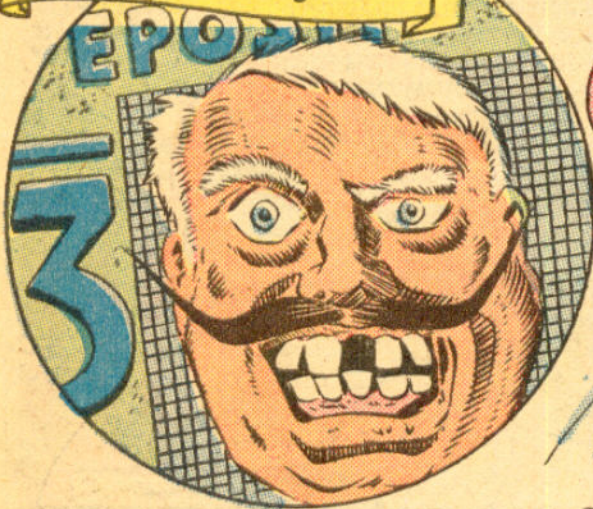
YOU MAY WELL ASK!



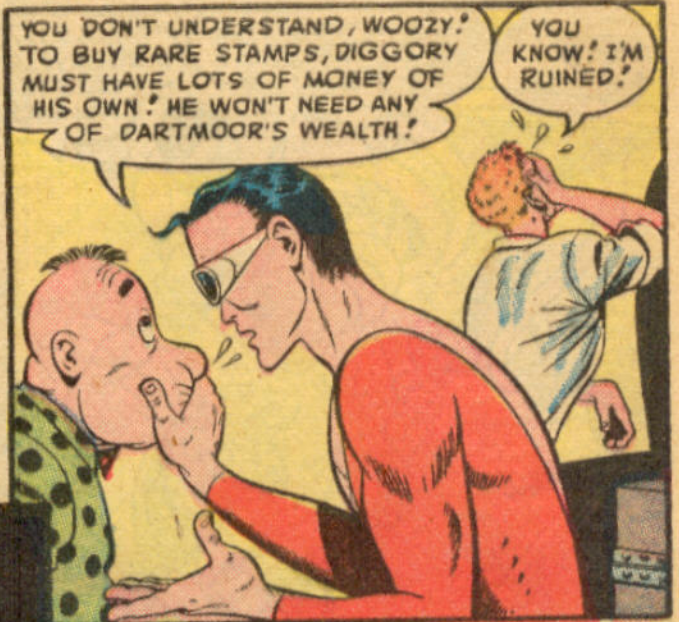
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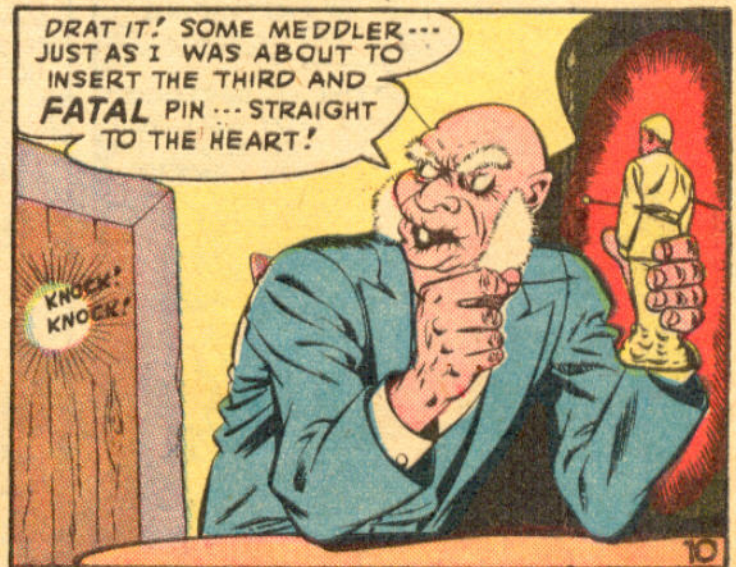
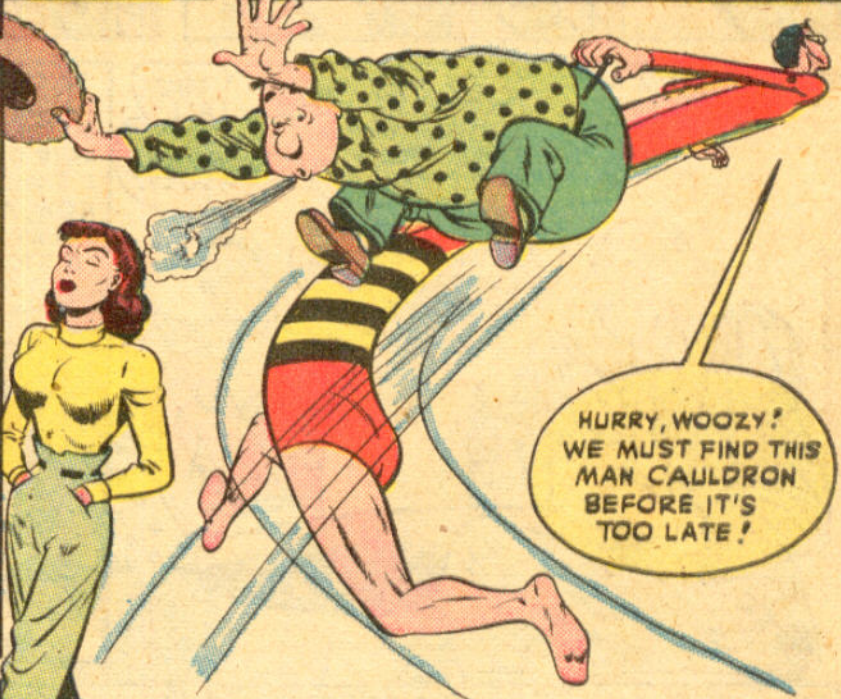
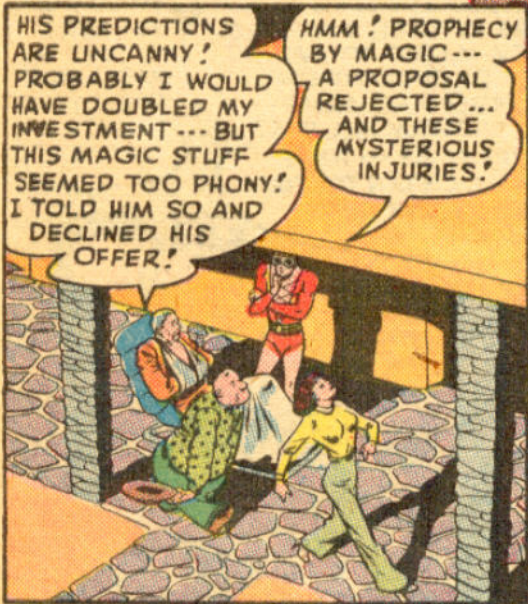
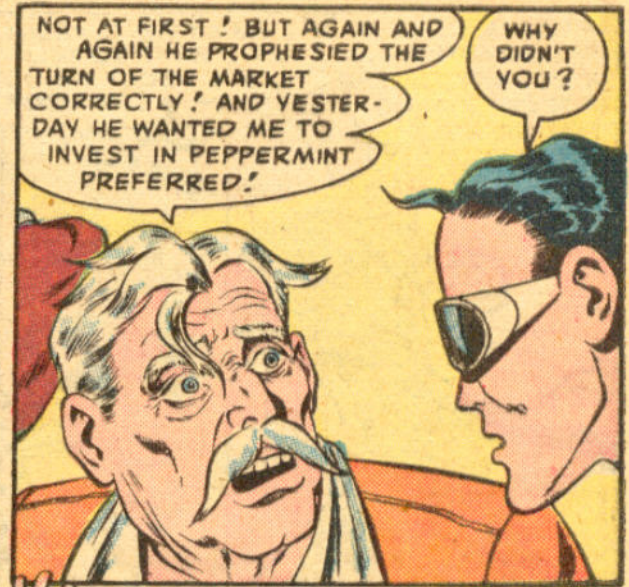
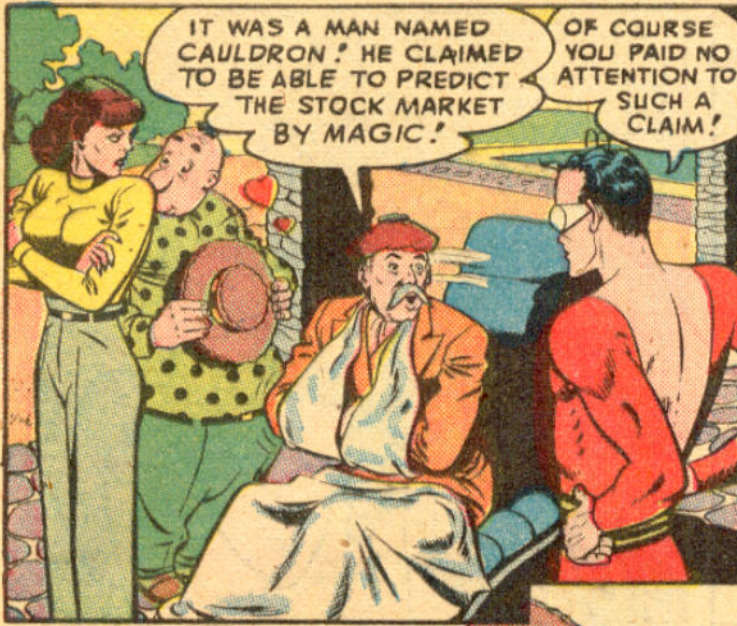
The microscope lens reveals to Woozy....



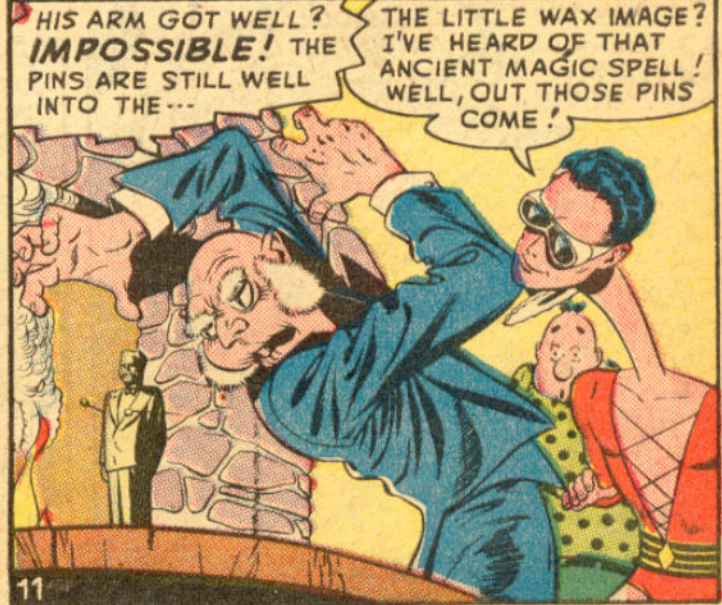
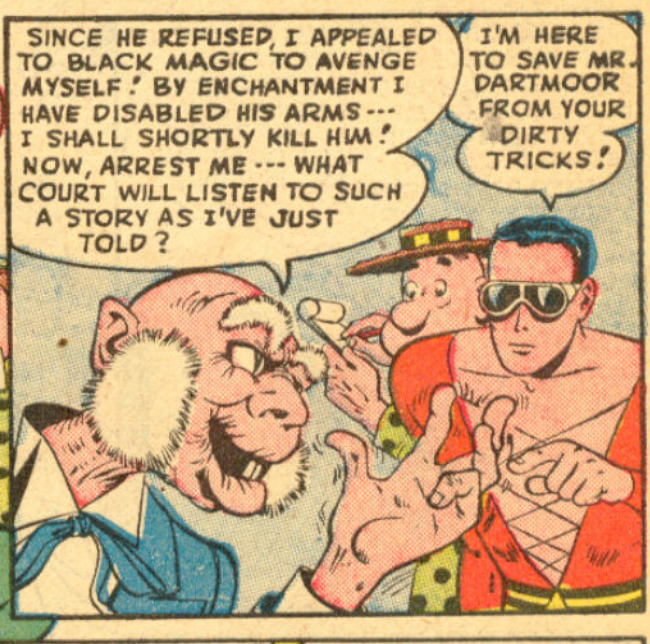
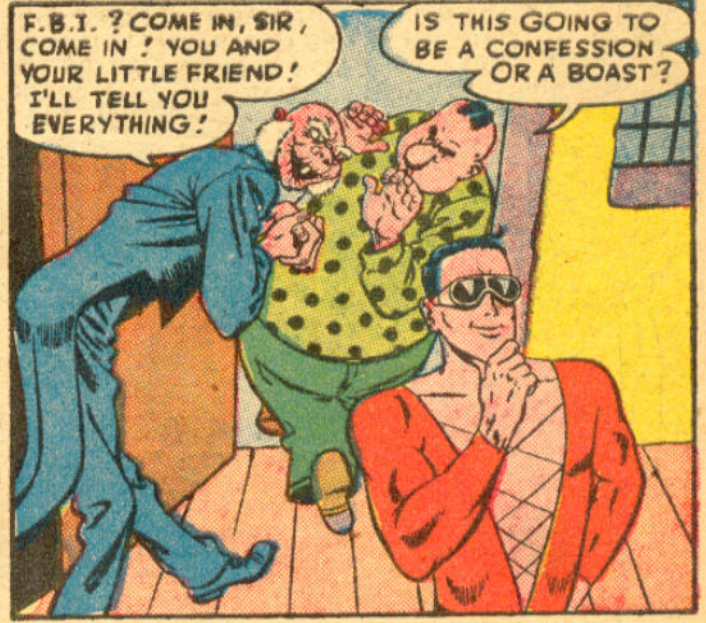
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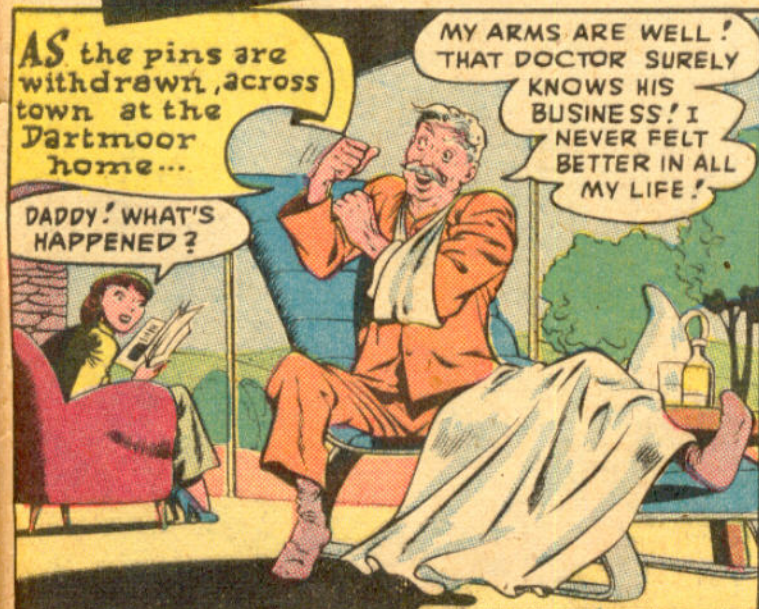
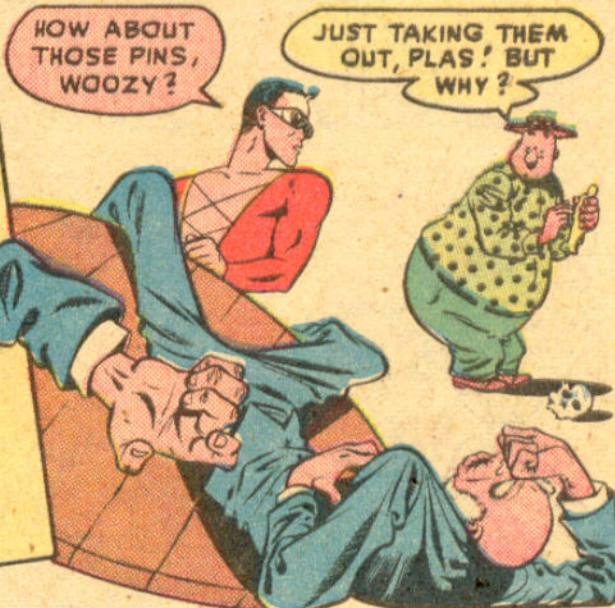
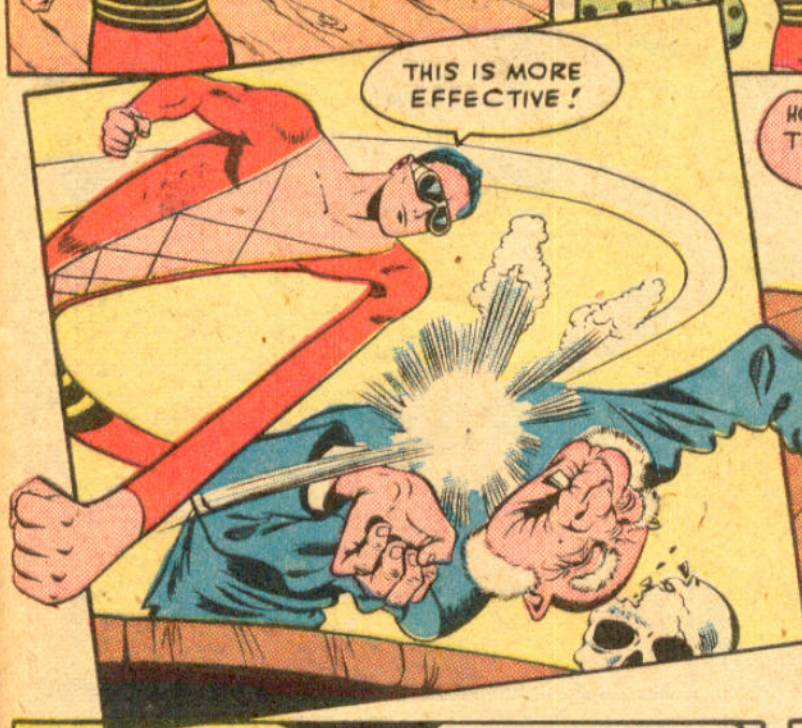
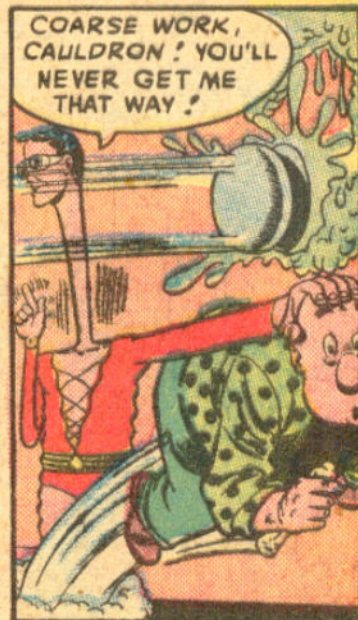
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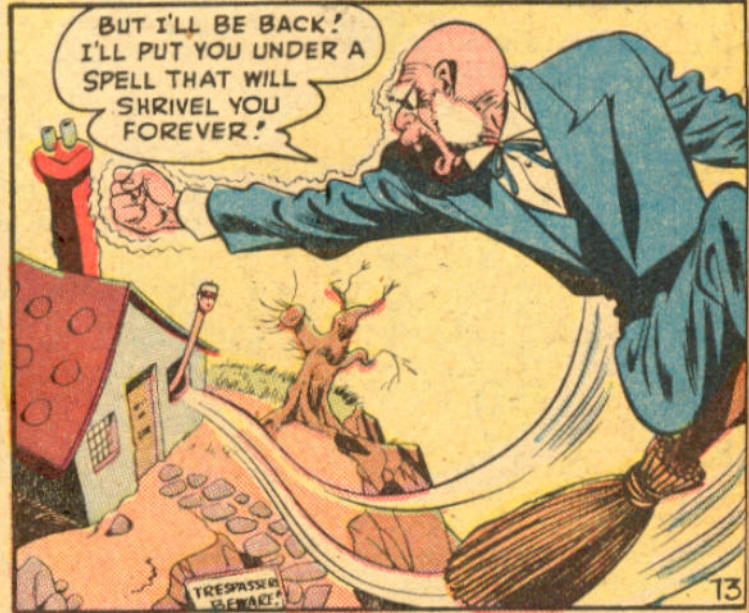
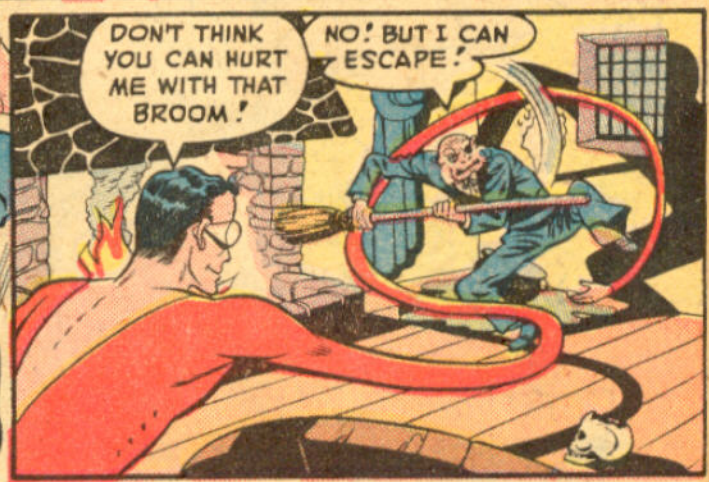
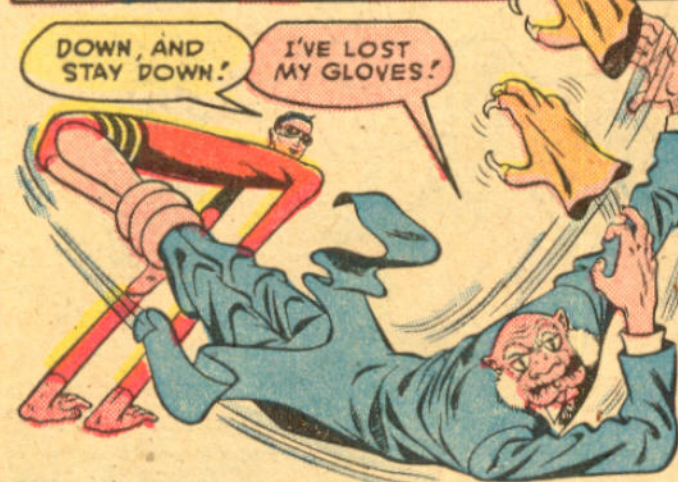
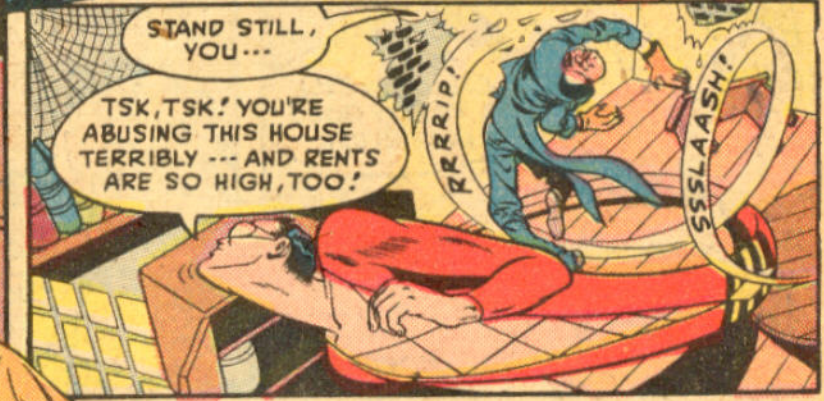
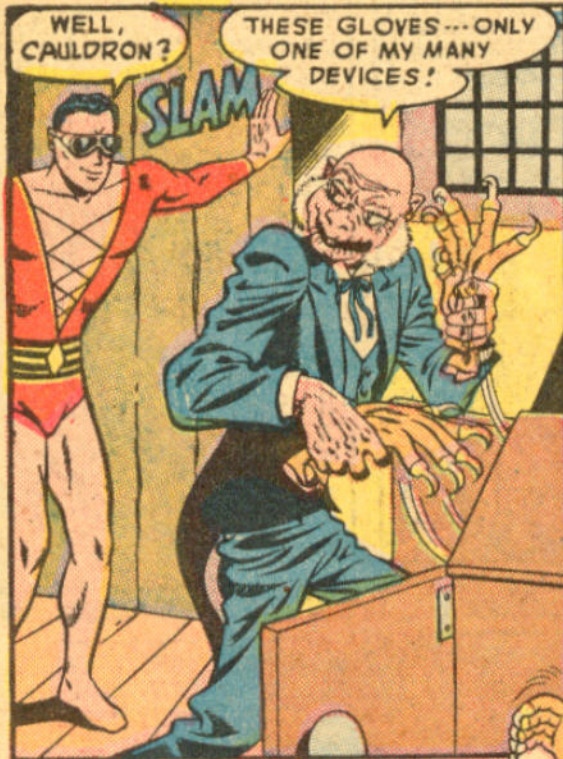
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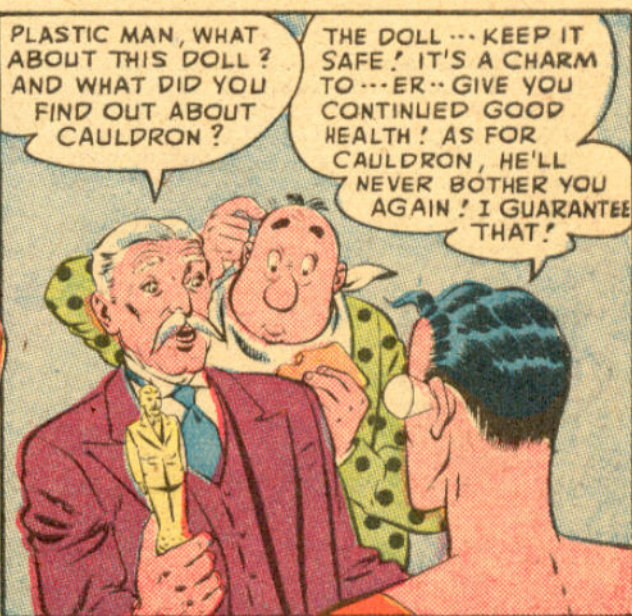
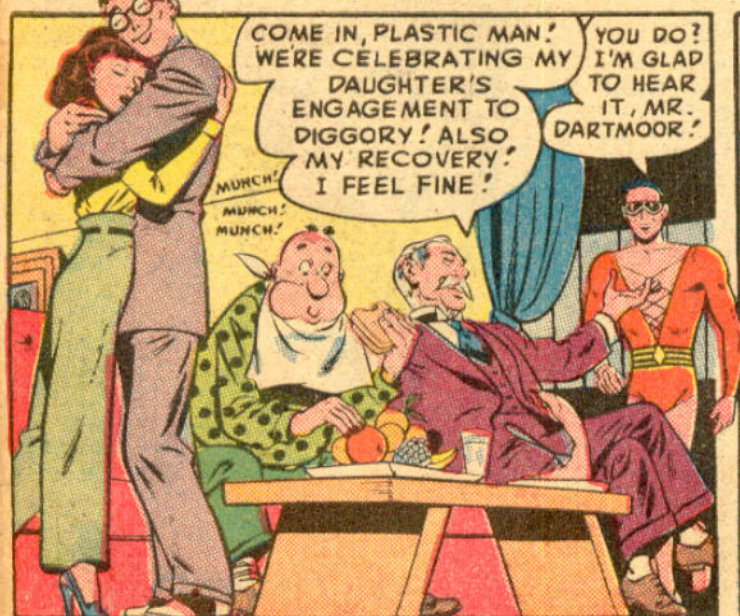
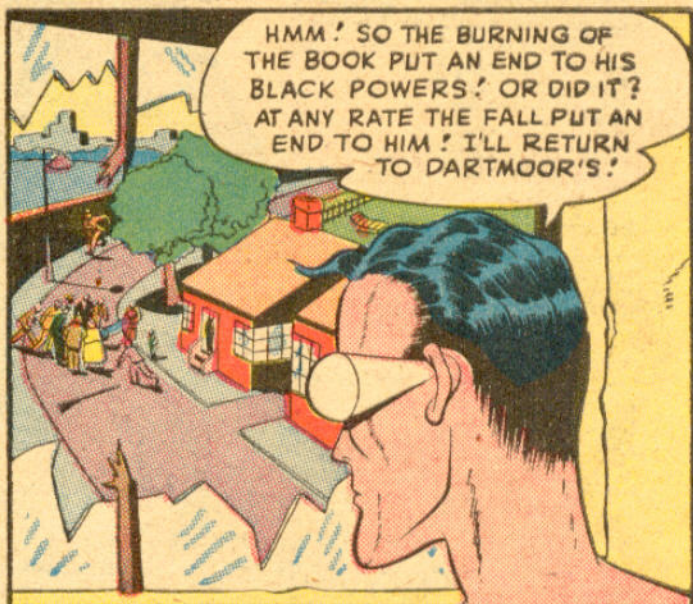
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WHAT'S THIS?

OKAY, KID. ONLY BE CAREFUL WITH THAT THING. IT MIGHT GO OFF!



I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, JUNIOR, THAT WAS CERTAINLY FAST THINKING!



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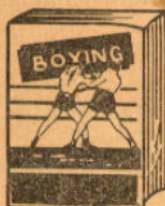
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"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



TRAPPING A BANDIT



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!

CITY EDITOR

NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...

...and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express

THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...

EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!

SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...

LATER...

YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!

FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST... BUT SAFELY... USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

NEXT ISSUE: RACING TO THE RESCUE!

"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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